

EXPLANATION of the FRONTISPIECE
taken from an humorous DIALOGUE
intended for the 4th Vol. of this WORK.



Enter TOM singing & laughing.

NELL: So! you are come with your curs'd Stuff of Politics & Nonsense again, to draw my Husband from his Work, & be hang'd to You!

TOM: Hey-day! what's y^e matter now wth my old Friend JOBSON? quite lost in a Brown Study.

JOBS: Why faith TOM I'm musing about a Patron: For You know a Work without a Patron, is like Jack Fletcher without an Halter - there's no raising a Man to Preferment without it.

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COBLERIANA;
OR,
The COBLER's MEDLEY.
BEING A CHOICE
COLLECTION
OF THE
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,
In PROSE and VERSE,
SERIOUS and COMIC,
OF
JOBSON THE COBLER,
OF DRURY-LANE.

VOL. I.

Ecce iterum CRISPINUS! JUVENAL.

Ah! what! my Friend THE COBLER come again!
Yours, Good Sir! as Witness O RARE BEN!

— — — — SPARSA coegi.—

My scatter'd PIECES from each Page I've drove,
All up together in these Leaves, BY JOVE!—

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. WILKIE in St. Paul's Church-Yard.
MDCCLXVIII.
(Price Five Shillings.)

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following WORK was intended to have been publish'd (by *Subscription*) the latter End of last *August*; but for want of a sufficient Number of *Subscribers*, it was obliged to be deferred: for which THE AUTHOR begs Pardon of those *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* who favour'd him with their *Subscriptions*, and hopes that a few Months will make no Difference, especially as it has enabled him to publish it with still greater Improvements.

Some few of the NOTES were occasionally added by a *Friend* of THE COBLER'S, to whom as he is under very particular Obligations, so, of them he shall ever retain a most gratefull Remembrance.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Those who have *subscrib'd* to THE WORK, will be pleased to excuse THE AUTHOR in not prefixing A LIST of the *Subscribers*, as it is usual on these Occasions, but finding that several desir'd to be excus'd having their Names inserted, he has therefore declined it: not but he could mention such *Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, whose Names would do him Honour.

The *Purchasers* of this WORK will please to observe, that they have it at the original *Subscription* Price, which is five Shillings for *both* Volumes.

THE AUTHOR hopes his *learned* Readers will forgive him in his *Translations* of his *Latin* MOTTOS (and especially the *Passages* in his *Twenty* LETTERS in the *first* Volume) for not sticking so much to the *Letter*, as he has endcavoured to keep
up

ADVERTISEMENT.

up the *Spirit* of them throughout ; it being perhaps so far, no less true of *Translations*, than of THE LAW of MOSES and THE GOSPEL, “ viz ; “ That the “ LETTER *killeth*, but the SPIRIT *giveth* “ Life.”

E R R A T A.

The Reader is desired to correct the few following Errata and Omissions of the Author.

P. 6. l. 6. after *also*, read *as*; p. 16. l. 14. for *astringent*, r. *laxative*; p. 28. l. 2. *elaborate* r. *impartial*. p. 88. l. ult. *what* r. *rare*; p. 102. l. 2. *rather loud was*, r. *loud was rather*; p. 108 l. last but one, *blessings* r. *blessing*; p. 109. l. 11. dele comma; p. 127. l. 18. dele *of*; p. 128. l. 11. *than* r. *then*; p. 133. l. 9. from *she* to *strength*, r. *thus*, “ and been lavish of her health and strength, she “ had labour’d a long Time under a variety of “ disorders; p. 159. l. 8. in the Notes; G—n, r. *person*. p. 176. l. 4. ult. after *this*, insert *WILL*; p. 184. l. 7. dele first *to*; p. 188. l. 10. after *that*, insert *as*.—p. 196. l. 1. *of* r. *the*; p. do. l. 10. for r. *of*; p. 211. l. 3. *when* r. *where*; p. 226. l. 5. dela comma after *Enemies* and put it after *ENGLISH*, dele the following inverted Commas.

TABLE of CONTENTS
OF THE
FIRST VOLUME.

PART I.

The Cobler's ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS. Page i.

DEDICATION.

INTRODUCTION.

Twenty LETTERS to his *Cousin* DINGLEBOB.

LETTER I.

THE COBLER returns his *Cousin* some curious Particulars of the *Family* of THE WRONGHEADS, for Favours received from *his* Family.—Advice to him how to get into the HOUSE of ***, and to remember *there* the DIGNITY of his *Family*! —*Family-PRIDE* ridiculous! with an occasional Remark.—*Readers*, in general, curious to know *who* and *what* Sort of a Man the *Writer* is.—COBLERS of great Consequence as *Writers*!—THE COBLER, in some *future* LETTERS, intends being very particular to his *Cousin* about the *Founder* of his *Family*, SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, and his two notable *Cousins*, MISS JENNY and SQUIRE RICHARD. Fromp. I to II.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER II.

Some Account intended to have been given in *this* LETTER of the COBBLING Family, but a *Misfortune* befalls JOBSON, as appears in the Sequel of it.—Their *Origin* of most ancient Date, even before *the Flood*. — The *present* Times abound with them—as appears, in particular, in the three *learned* Professions of LAW, PHYSIC, and DIVINITY ; besides *other* Callings in Life.—JOBSON's *most unfortunate* Accident of his *Barnacles* falling from his Nose, and breaking one of the Glasses, prevents his examining some old Family-Writings. From p. 12 to 18.

LETTER III.

His *Barnacles* repaired.—The Writings examined, and some Account given of his *Family*.—The COBLERS and WRONGHEADS most nearly related. — JOBSON's *Aunt*, *Half-Sister* to SIR FRANCIS—from whom descended his *Mother's First-Cousin*, the famous COBLER of *Cripple-gate*.—The *Wisdom* and *Sagacity* of the Family is the Reason why they so *meritoriously* fill all the Places of *Honour* and *Profit* in CHURCH and STATE !—One of the Family a CONJURER, called PETER.—Poor PETER falls into a *Ditch* between *Brumpton* and *Chelsea*—suffocated, and buried with great Pomp in WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.—The COBLERS make a great Figure in the *learned* World, and by their *Services* to their *Country*, fully prove their Superiority over all other Families now extant. From p. 19 to 25.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER IV.

Amazing Instances of the most profound Learning of the COBBLING Family.—The sole Authors of those immense Treasures of Learning called Magazines, Bibles, Histories of England, Reviews, and such like honest and elaborate Productions, many other learned Treatises besides, upon such Subjects as none else would have thought of, or employed any Pens but theirs !—A remarkable Instance of their putting an ingenious and effectual Stop to that most vile and infamous Custom of DUELLING. From p. 26 to 35.

LETTER V.

THE COBLERS, poor as they are, scorn to take Money of any AUTHOR for a favourable Character in their REVIEWS.—The most remarkable Instance yet of their great Learning, which should have been given in the last LETTER, had it not been for the confounded Rats or some Welsh Taffies. — A gentle Digression, in humble Imitation of the celebrated Irish Dean, about SIR FRANCIS having the Honour of KNIGHTHOOD, and therefore emphatically called THE COBLER.—Joe Miller's best Speeches and Jest, as also those of Oxford and Cambridge, all shewn to be stolen from THE COBLER.—His Remarks upon this filching Behaviour of theirs.—The aforesaid Instance, with a Variety of curious and entertaining Particulars, ends this LETTER. From p. 36 to p. 43.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER VI.

The *Religion and Politics* of the COBBLING Family shewn in remarkable *Instances*, especially the *last*, it being well known to be their *Master-piece*!—Our present *Greatness, Wealth, and Power*, which enables us to hold the *Balance* of EUROPE, shewn to be wholly owing to the *Foresight and Conduct* of THE COBLERS.—Tho' now and then *kept out of Play*, yet were always remarkable for having *Old England's Interest and Happiness at Heart*, not forgetting, at the same Time, a little of *their own* too. How finely and swimmingly Things always went on while they were *in Power*, shewn not in *this* but the next LETTER or two, which you know, *gentle Reader*, is full as well, according to what is observed towards the End of the INTRODUCTION to this WORK. From p. 44 to 51.

LETTER VII.

Though the COBBLING Family have been now and then *kept out of Play*, and shamefully cried down by some of the *late and present Possessors* of Power, yet all the glorious Things that have been done relative to PEACE or WAR, especially the *first*, are wholly owing to their *Wisdom and Sagacity*. Particular *Instances* of this fully shewn from the Reign of King James the First, down to the *present Times*—especially the *last Treaty* at P * * *, which the French and Spaniards so *honestly and carefully* observe at DUNKIRK, NEWFOUNDLAND, &c. Payment of the CANABA Bills, MANILLA Ransom, &c. From p. 52 to 59.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER VIII.

Further Particulars of *their* most amazing Skill in POLITICS! so that the Reader would do well to be upon his Guard before he begins, that he may not be overpowered, and so want some *Hartshorn* or *Sal Volatile*, which perhaps he may'nt have about him! *King James I.* (of COBBLING Memory) shewn to be a FOUNDER of the *Family*; admir'd by COUNT GONDOMAR, which he used to express in such *pure Ciceronian* Latin, as fully proved *him* also to be a COBLER! The *last Treaty* at P*** never enough to be *admired*! entirely owing to the *Sagacity* of THE COBLERS.—Farewell to the *Mounseers* and *Dons* now, till the Year 1800 and odd! TOM DUNDERHEAD, a *Relation* of THE COBLERS, sticks close to his *Uncle Bob*, another FOUNDER of the *Family*, famous for his *Art* at Cooking a PEACE-UP;—with several other curious Particulars and Conjectures about him.—from p. 60 to 71.

LETTER IX.

The *last Treaty*, such a *bold Stroke* of POLITICS of the COBBLING *Family*: that according to some Papers found in the Cabinet of our old Friend *Monsieur Maubert*, his Holiness THE POPE was going to send over a *Nuncio* to congratulate them on fixing the Repose of EUROPE on such a *lasting* Foundation!—The COBLERS had much ado to keep out *others* from having a *Finger* in *cooking* it up. They having a particular *Recipe* for making this *Dish* of PEACE-UP
far

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

far beyond *all other* NATIONS.—Too cunning for them ; drive them all out of the *Kitchen* with the *Poker, Salamander, Forks, Tongs, &c* ; Several of these *busy, meddling* Fellows in the *Gang*, of whom it is proper to be aware.—The *Principal* or *Ring-leader* of them describ'd at large in the following LETTERS, as a *sufficient* SPECIMEN of the rest.—from p. 72 to 78.

LETTER X.

The *Principal* or *Ring-leader* describ'd ; found to be one WILL HAYES, a YEOMAN of *Kent*.—Gets several *nick-Names*, Reasons for them. Mortally hated by the *COBBLING Family* for always opposing their *wise and needfull* Schemes. *Head*, but no *Feet*, a JUDGMENT upon him for his *diabolical* Projects.--At first gets a *Post* in the *ARMY*.—Blusters about with his *Red-Coat, Cockade, and Sword*.—Oblig'd to give up his *Post*.—WILL's Mother when with Child of him, dreams she was brought to Bed of the *Sign of THE PHOENIX*.—Put to School early to one DAME JENNINGS, a sharp, notable, *old Jade*. Comical Method the Boy had to make his School-Fellows *afraid* of him ;—for which he got the *Nick-Name* of BLOW-ME-DOWN-WILL. The old Woman, for his comical Tricks, shows him the *best* way of *jumping over a Stick* ; an Art, for which he is the most dextrous of any Man living.—How he got the *Nick-Name* of WILL PRIG ;—made one of the *Head Clerks* to his MASTER ;—oppos'd by the *COBBLING Family*, only for the *Fun* of vexing him, as they found he could not bear it.—Exhibits

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

an *extraordinary* Scene before the COBLERS with his *genteel* and *eloquent* Speech.—Over reach'd by them, and has *St. Paul's* Doctrine tipp'd plump upon him.—JOBSON begins to be very dull and stupid, so, wishes his Cousin PETER a good Night, and concludes *this* LETTER.—from p. 79 to 92.

LETTER XI.

WILL goes into the NAVY.—By many surprising Turns of his own, becomes PILOT of the *Britannia*, a first-Rate, plays his old Tricks, and confuses the Ship's *Company*.—Some Years before this, his old *School-Mistress*, GOODY JENNINGS, dy'd, and left him an handsome *Legacy*, of which, more hereafter.—His strange Tricks while he was PILOT.—How he got the *Nick-Name* of WILL STIFF.—Pretends to be tired of *Steering*, and gets a large Share of PRIZE-Money, while others of the Ship's Crew were out of Pocket.—The Consequences of this, and WILL's Behaviour.—Gets another much larger *Legacy* from another OLD WOMAN down in the *West*.—Got into the *Steerage* again, and play'd his *old Tricks*.—Hurly-Burly in the *Ship* about the *Stores* being mismanag'd, to clear up which, WILL comes and lets such a rousing — as held near three Hours.—Poor GEORGE GRINWELL faints away and lets go the *Helm*.—WILL's Fun hereupon.—from p. 93 to p. 103.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XII.

WILL's two OLD WOMEN reckon'd *crazy* and *delirious* by the COBLERS.—The *first* left him 10,000 Pounds for his *Politics* and other *Tricks* together.—This almost turns his Brain.—She sends for him just before her Exit.—Makes a *curious* Speech to him on her *Death-Bed*, with her *Blessing*, no less *curious*.—Takes her *final* farewell of him, with a *Memento* to him in *Latin*.—WILL shaking and trembling by the Bed-side, promises very fair, but how he perform'd, with other Particulars, is shewn in the *next* LETTER.—from p. 104 to p. 110.

LETTER XIII.

WILL forgets the OLD WOMAN's good Advice, as appears by his Conduct when made *Purse-Bearer* to the ARMY.—This was fine Fun for the COBLERS ; tho' they had got all the *Trimmers* o' *their* Side, yet WILL and his *Gang*, were always trying to overhawl them.—The great Love between WILL and the COBLERS, like that of the *Elephant* and *Rhinoceros*.—His strange, turbulent, and overbearing Proceedings, with his genteel Speech on being civilly admonish'd to Pay some regard to THE REGULATOR of the House.—WILL's Head too clever to last long, as an *old Grecian* has long ago observ'd—His Head or Feet prophecy'd by the COBLERS to be WILL's downfall at last.—from p. 111 to p. 121.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XIV.

WILL's Behaviour strikes even his MASTER with a *Panic*.—Terrible Scuffle likely to have happened between WILL and CHARLES STEADY (commonly, tho' falsely, call'd CHARLES WEATHERCOCK) in the *Steward's Room*.—At CHARLES's getting WILL's *Hat*, which the COBLERS call the *Oliverian*.—The whole Affair at large, with many *curious* Particulars.—WILL's various *Tricks* and Postures under the *Gout* on his *Sides*, *Back*, and *Belly* to see which was the best.—Finds that lying flat on his *Back* with his *Mouth* wide open to be much the best.—Several pleasant NANNY-GOATS about him in the *three next LETTERS*.—from p. 122 to p. 130.

LETTER XV.

WILL from his arbitrary Notions, *Lord Paramount* in the *Steward's Room*.—But *trimm'd* now and then by CHARLES, which, as appears by the *last* LETTER, makes him much talk'd of. WILL's Fame so great, as to think himself equal to all his *Antagonists*, THE GROWLERS.—A famous Affair happens to encrease it.—A certain good OLD LADY makes sad Complaints of her *bad* State of Health from her *Youth*.—Her *Disorders*, with the Behaviour of those who were about her.—Making merry, one Day after Dinner in a *Room* next to the *Steward's*.—Overheard by the COBLERS who go and tell her of their Proceedings.—Her speech upon the Occasion.—They take the *Hint*, and tell their MASTER.—WILL call'd

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

in, under the Title of *the High German or American Doctor*, to set her upon her Legs again.—An ugly Affair happens in the *Steward's Room* about the *OLD LADY's Bills* for *Medicines* and *Surgeon's Work* being left unpaid for some Time past.—Terrible abusive Speeches between the *Surgeons* and *Apothecaries*, and the *PHYSICIANS* for not being able to get at any Money.—Consultation in the *Steward's Room*, on its making a Noise *ABROAD* as well as *at Home*.—High Disputes that her *Children ABROAD* should bear Part of the Expence of the *Bills*.—*BLOW-ME-DOWN WILL* comes in and throws *Oyl* into the *Flames*.— from p. 131 to p. 148.

LETTER XVI.

WILL's Art to assist *Nature* in his Tricks for *Ways* and *Means* to pay off the *Bil's*.—A shrewd Remark of one of *WILL's* Head-Servants on this Affair.—*WILL's* famous Speech on the Occasion.—Interrupted in it now and then which which makes him fret, foam, and rage most sadly.—Throws down in his rage a *Bible* before them all, to prove his Argument, being scarce able to speak.—All seiz'd with a *Panic* to see him turn *DIVINE*, as well as *LAWYER* and *PHYSICIAN*.—Hobbled out of the Room, laughing and chuckling to think how he had *hum'd* the *COBBLING Family*.—*WILL's* Party wanted to get him in both *Universities* an honorary Degree of Doctor of *LAW*, *PHYSIC*, and *DIVINITY*.—Their wise and judicious Demurrs upon this.—His Victory over his Antagonists in the *Steward's Room*.—Flies like Lightning

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Lightning over the OLD LADY's Children ABROAD.—Roaring Doings there upon the Occasion.—Surpriz'd as much the other way at hearing WILL was made a L * *.—A gentle *Digression*.—Upon this, WILL having a mind to see how the *City* and *Suburbs* was encreased by the *new Buildings*, gets up to the *Top* of ST. PAUL's, and throws the whole *City* into an Uproar.—The COBLER's Remark on this most alarming Affair.—from p. 149 to p. 182.

LETTER XVII.

Further Accounts of the *City's* alarm on WILL's *elevated* Situation; various Conjectures and comical Accidents that follow'd thereupon.—His *Pretence* to see the *new Buildings*, but his *real* Design was to shew his CAP and FEATHER, FINE COAT and SEAL.—How he got the Nick-Name of WILL VARNISH.—The COBLER's Remarks upon WILL's Artfulness. Further curious and entertaining Particulars while he was in this Situation.—Discover'd at last to be the new created E * * * of C * * *.—The Shouting and Noise this occasion'd.—WILL tickled at this, forced to Steal away with his Companions by favour of the Night, or else he had been murder'd by the *Mob* for *bumming* them all in such a *scandalous* Manner.—The COBLER goes gaping with the rest of the Fools to see this amazing sight.—Loses his *Hat*, *Wig*, and *Skirts* of his *Coat*.—His Pockets picked.—Gets Home at last to his Wife NELL, who was made to believe that he was kill'd.—End of this *Digression*.—The OLD LADY's Children ABROAD despair that it was *now* all over

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

with them, with their judicious Observations on this *sudden Change*.—WILL's Policy in this, and his intolerable Airs.—He *squirts* about the Country to shew himself—taken violently ill at *Marlborough* in *Wiltshire*.—Occasions great Alarms.—Some arch Wags from *Town* get Money by his Illness.—He recovers so far as to be brought to *Town*.—Put under the Care of *Dr. William*son a top Physician, who has given a true and genuine *Narrative* of his CASE, as, in Effect, describ'd.—The COBLERS Reflecti-
on upon this, and exhortation to his COUSIN PETER.—from p. 183 to p. 214.

LETTER XVIII.

A Nanny-Goat or two about Cousin BOB, a famous Ancestor of the COBLERS:—*unjustly* and *slandereously* called, “*the Father of Corruption*,”—his prudent Maxim, “That every Man had his Price,” accounted for how he got it.—Famous all over EUROPE for his Acts of *Generosity* and *Charity*,—displeases the COBLING Family as Folly and Extravagance, which BOB dis-
proves;—going home one Day thro' the *Park* from the OFFICE, near being attacked by two Sailors for a *Smuggler* but luckily met by some of the Family.—His fine GREAT HOUSE down in the Country; no Pains or Expence spared to furnish it with curious *Statutes* and *Painting*;—People talked strangely how the Sums it cost, were defrayed.—POPE JOAN's Reply at seeing a curious *Painting* going to be sent over from *Italy* for his House.—BOB, as famous for his *Cellars*, as any other Part.—Brewed *humming* stuff of OCTOBER.—*The States of Holland* give a considerable *Premium* to BOB's
Steward

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Steward or Butler, for the Receipt to make it: from whom it is supposed to derive its *Name*.—The great Advantages they receive from it at the *Council-board*.—Bob said to die *Poor*, but this shewn to be *Malice and Envy*.—*Motto* over his Monument put up by the COBLERS.—How translated by his Enemies.—JOBSON's Advice to his Cousin hereupon.—from p. 215 to p. 228.

LETTER XIX.

An Account given of the *great Hero* of the COBBLING Family, SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, vindicated by the COBLER from the unjust Aspersions thrown upon him.—LADY WRONGHEAD, COUNT BASSET, MISS JENNY and SQUIRE RICHARD described.—The COBLER's Touch at THE C * * * T, with Remarks upon Sir John Vanbrugh and Colley Cibber, for their monstrous Behaviour in ridiculing SIR FRANCIS, LADY, and FAMILY.—The COBLERS remarkable for sticking close to one another, to keep others out. from p. 229 to p. 242.

LETTER XX.

One Nanny-Goat more about a very honest Relation of the COBBLING Family, one JOHN BULL; his Heroism derived from his *Mother*, who was a *Welch Heiress*.—Description of him at large.—A droll Adventure befell JOHN in the beginning of his *Knight-Errantry*, particularly mentioned.—The COBLER's Remarks upon the numberless Advantages of POLITICAL Corruption.—Drawing now to a Conclusion, with an Apology to his Cousin PETER for a little Vanity in Honour of the COBBLING Family.—from p. 243 to p. 252.

PART

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER I. THE HISTORY OF THE
ART OF PRINTING IN GREAT
BRITAIN. FROM THE INVENTION
OF THE ART, TO THE PRESENT
STATE OF IT. IN TWO VOLUMES.
BY JOHN WELLS, ESQ. OF THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.

THE FIRST VOLUME

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P A R T I.

CUM fueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles,

Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi *recte* : nam ut *multum*, nil moror.

HOR.

Methinks ! I hear my Friends, REVIEWING,
say,

“ Friend JOBSON’s Stream flows cursed thick
to Day :

“ And yet the *Dog* has something worth the
taking,

“ Tho’ the *Rogue* writes as if his Back was
* breaking :

“ I mean in Writing *well* : for as to *Stuff* !

“ I make no Doubt he’ll give us full *enough* !”

* Well conjectured indeed, GEMMEN !
but alas ! *your* Penetration and Sagacity, as it is
below the least Wonder, so it is *above* all praise !
for at this Time, I was very far even from the
Pretensions of being an UPRIGHT Man, as I was
then almost bow’d double by the *Lumbago*, occa-
sion’d by the very severe Weather we had in
the Beginning of the Year ; but I hope by the
Time you have the Pleasure of perusing the fol-
lowing Sheets, I shall be able to laugh with you,
as I don’t doubt your being well-pleas’d with the
very *first* Thing you meet with on only turning
over the Leaf,

An HUMBLE and MODEST

A D D R E S S.

TO THE

R E V I E W E R S.

May it please your HONOURS and
most profound SCHOLARDSHIPS!

GEMMEN,

AS ye are *stout*, pray be *mercifull*!
ye see here standing before ye trembling
(by Proxy) a poor *Psalm-singing*
COBLER, and *harmless* AUTHOR!
who, he assures you, upon his *Modesty*,
never did Ill to any one, in all
his

ii ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS.

his born-Days; was well known by all his Neighbours, to be a *thorough* Churchman, and as loyal a Subject to our good King, as any Man in England this Day that wears an Head.—By your noted *Candour* and *Humanity* therefore, *souse* not down like so many *Birds* of Immortal JOVE, on a poor *Wren*, whose Bones must certainly go to Pot with *one* Stroke only of your *most puissant* Talons!—but for the *Honour* of LITERATURE, give to the World your *usual* Specimen of *unbiassed* Candour and Generosity, in approving a WORK of Labour and Care, which perhaps may not be thought unworthy, by such *able* and *impartial* Critics as yourselves, of being translated into THE VATICAN LIBRARY: as

ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS. iii

it is fully intended, for the Benefit both of the Souls as well as Bodies of all its Readers; and this is more than *nine* Parts in *ten* of WORKS in general, can say, except indeed that most *virtuous* and *religious* Gentleman, MR. TRISTRAM SHANDY, of immortal Memory, as very plainly appears by his *ninth* Volume of CHASTITY lately published. I know GEMMEN! it has been said, in *Public* as well as *Private*, that it is usual with AUTHORS to bespeak *your* favourable Opinion of their WORKS, by making you a *Present* of a COPY and some GOLD DUST; but *I* say, a Murrain seize the whorson Throats of all such *envious* and *malicious* Persons! I'm *amazed* and *astonished* at so ill a Compliment paid to your
c well

iv ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS.

well known *Honour* and *Impartiality*! I know *the Rogues*! and e'gad I'll trim them in the very first Piece I live to publish in the Beginning of the *next Century*;—I'll give them such a *Touch* with my *AWL* as will make them squeak! that's what I will, and so you may please to tell them! No, GEMMEN! it shall never be said of a poor COBLER, dead or alive, that *he* tipp'd such a *learned* and *honourable* Body of Men with a *Bos in Lingua*, or a *Sop in the Pan*! I would scorn and detest such Proceedings as would by no means tend to my own Credit on the one Hand, and be offering at the same Time no small Violence to your *inviolable Modesty* and *Integrity* on the other!

I am

ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS. ▼

I am very well satisfied, GEMMEN! that I ought, in Point of *Decency*, as well as *Duty*, to have *dedicated* my WORK to you, as the *undoubted* PATRONS of Learning: but you see how the Case stands with me. The Connections between our COMPANY and *myself* being so great, that, had I omitted *Them*, the World might justly have cryed “Shame on me!” Being willing therefore to keep well with *them*, and not wanting in Respect to *you*, I hope I shall have the Thanks of the Public for this ADDRESS of mine, as being

† *Insigne, recens, et indictum Ore alio;*

† That is, GENTLE READER, a piping hot, bran-new Scheme, not *hit* upon by any one else ore.

vi ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS.

of which they cannot give a better Proof than by just stepping in at my Bookfeller's, as they go thro' Saint Paul's Church-yard, and asking for THE COBLER, who, he assures them has done his *Possibles* to give them a *Pound's* Worth of Fun for their *Crown*; and if this is not *full Weight* and *Measure*, as *Times* go now, the D—l's in't. — Your Names, GEMMEN, præfixt in CAPITALS, as I have given special Orders to my Printer to do it, will, I know, get off the *first* Edition.—And believe me, that “ I desire no better Help to “ become AN ALDERMAN,” (as an old Friend of mine observes) “ than “ a Patent for the sole Privilege of “ DEDICATING or ADDRESSING to “ your HONOURS!”

And

ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS. vii

And therefore as I trust you will speak well of this *Farrago* of mine in your next REVIEW, and to leave no room for even *Suspicion* of Ingratitude, I have expressly desir'd my dear Wife NELL (as I am too modest to do it *myself*) to present you with A COPY of it, after she has got it bound in CALF, and to invite you ALL the first convenient Opportunity to a *five Gallon Bowl* of LAMB'S WOOL, well spiced and sugar'd, when you'll be heartily welcome to eat and drink your fill, till you burst your Guts and cry your Eyes almost out for Joy that you have got another WORK to REVIEW of your old *Friend* THE COBLER! I plainly foresee, by the Spirit of Prophecy, how you will deplore

viii ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS.

my Loss, whenever that may be, as AN
AUTHOR ! Methinks I hear you, after
having emptied the *first* Bowl, Singing
my *Funeral Dirge*, lifting up your me-
lodious Voices, like so many sweet
Singers of *Israel*, and chorussing as
in *Juliet's* Procession,

“ Ah ! poor † STUMPADO's Dead
and gone,”

“ When shall we 'gain see such an
one !”

† As JOHNSON had formerly been a *Soldier* in
the *Army*, he was Shot at the famous Battle of
M—D—N in *Germany*, in one of his Legs, which
made him, for some Years after, limp a little.
However, he was not so *terribly* Wounded, but
he made shift with other *brave* Fellows of his
Corps (with their C—M—D—R in Chief at the
Head) to *run away* ; for which when he came
Home, his Neighbours of *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-*
Garden used to rally him by the Name of
STUMPADO.

But

ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS. ix

But GEMMEN! dry up your Eyes! act like *yourselves*! and go on with your REVIEWS in the *true* Rage of CRITICAL Expression which tend so much to the Edification of all the *Minor Critics* in and about TOWN, the honest *Parsons* and *Squires* down in the *Country*, and are no less the *Standard* of *true* Taste for CRITICISM in *this* Age, than they most certainly will be the *Admiration* of the *next*.

I am,

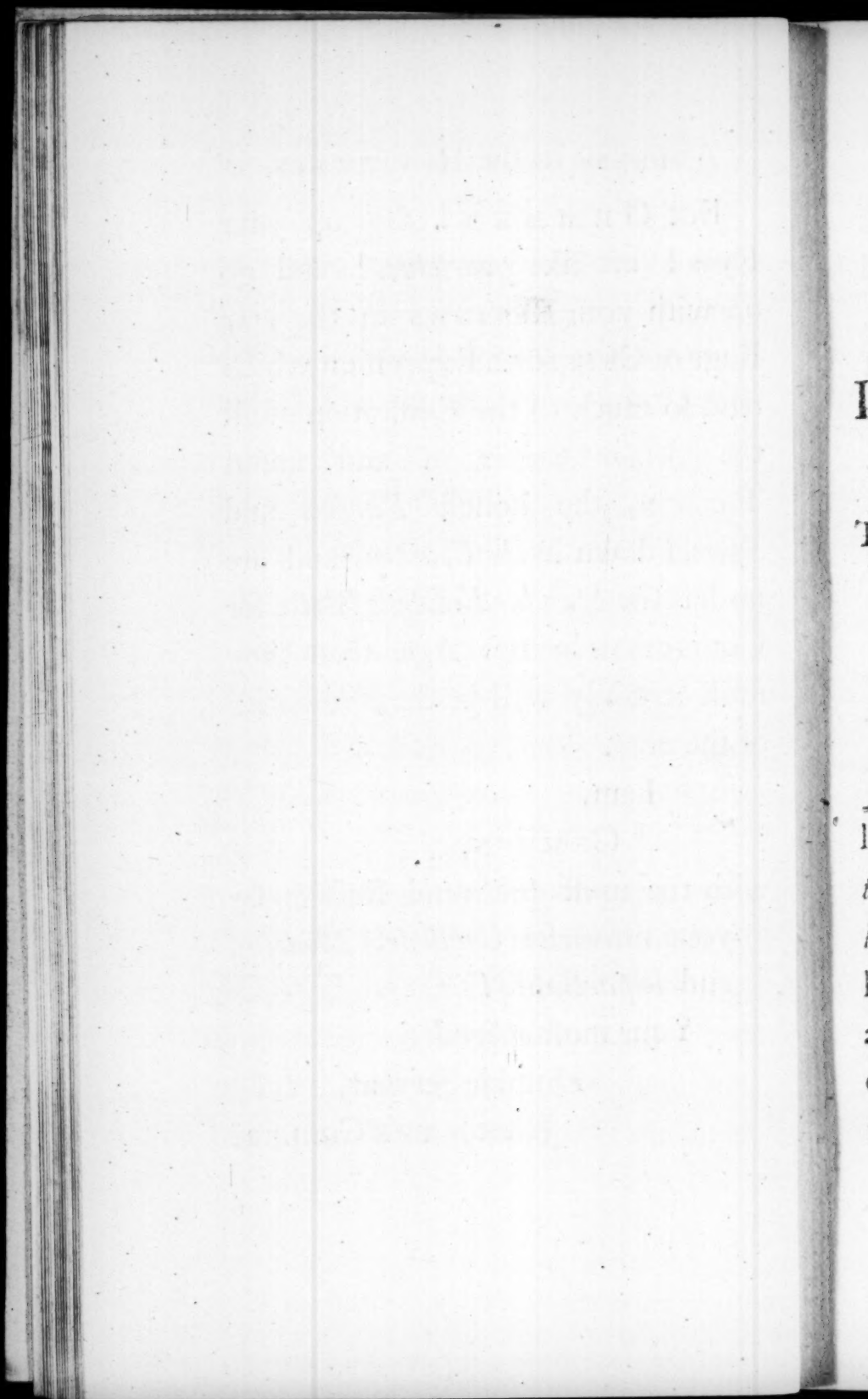
GEMMEN,

with the most profound Respect for
your universal *Candour*, *Modesty*,
and *Impartiality*!

Your most *obliged*

Humble Servant,

JOBSON THE COBLER.



[x]

T H E

DEDICATION.

To the Worshipfull Company of
CORDWAINERS.

GENTLEMEN,

AS it is well known not only to all his MAJESTY's loving Subjects of *the three Kingdoms*, but also to all *civiliz'd* Countries in the World, that there has been, from Time immemorial, and I hope ever will be so, a most close TYE and CONNECTION, and as firm an ACCORD, CONCORD, and
STRONG

xii D E D I C A T I O N.

STRONG CORD constantly *twisted* and *drawn tight* between *your* worthy and respectable COMPANY, and *our* wise, ancient, and honourable FAMILY of THE COBLERS: so, I should think myself utterly unworthy of A GOOSE on our *St. Crispin's* Day, and consequently of all other yearly Marks of your Favour, was I to omit laying both MYSELF and AWL my WORK at LAST at your Feet for *Protection* and *Patronage*, in Order to bring it to an happy END.

There has been indeed, for some Time past, (now, GENTLEMEN, you see I tell you very honestly) a *certain* Person whispering in my Ear to *dedicate* my WORK to the FISH-MONGERS, VINTNERS, and TAL-
LOW-

DEDICATION. xiii

LOW-CHANDLERS *Companies*; “ And
 “ pray, said I to him, why, in Pre-
 “ ference to our worthy *Company* of
 “ CORDWINDERS !” “ Why, be-
 “ cause, said he, MR. JOBSON, as
 “ how, you know, you COBLERS
 “ are very fond of stuffing your Guts
 “ with *Salt-Fish* and *Sack*, when
 “ you can get at them, and work-
 “ ing by a POUND CANDLE ! and I
 “ promise you, said he, if you’ll but
 “ *dedicate* it to *them*, you shall have
 “ your Belly full of the *two first*,
 “ and your Eyes full of the *last* : for
 “ I am just now come from them, by
 “ their Order, as they all know you
 “ to be an ARCH Fellow that loves
 “ Fun and Humour.” — “ I thank
 “ you, said I, “ very kindly for their
 Love

xiv D E D I C A T I O N.

“ Love ; but my *Head* is *light* enough
“ already, and my *Belly* is *full*, and
“ what care I for more ?”—Now this
Person, you must know, GENTLE-
MEN, was *another* MR. CORD, and
pretended to be related to the afore-
said CORDS ; but a *Rascal* ! I soon
detected him for a *Rogue* and *Cheat* !
’Tis true indeed his Name *was*
CORD, that it was to be sure ; but
the Villain left out *half* his Name,
for it was DIS-CORD ; a noisy, tur-
bulent, disagreeable Fellow, that is
well known to kick up a Dust in all
Companies he can get into, and set
every body together by the Ears, as
you see he wanted to do by us !—
E’dad ! I at him directly ! I took his
Name-fake, honest WHIP-CORD, in
one

D E D I C A T I O N. xv

one Hand, and my AwL in the other, and I gave him such a *Touch* in a very sensible and honourable *Part* of his Body as sent him back again to THEIR WORSHIPS in a much worse Plight, I fancy, than they found him at first.

I don't know, GENTLEMEN, in all *ancient* or *modern* History, that it was ever in the Power of any one *entirely* to *untwist* and *snap* the STRONG CORD that has always happily been so close *drawn between* us, but ONE: and that was A LADY; according to these fine old Græcians, *the Poets*: this LADY, it seems, by their Account, had *two Sisters*; Nay, GENTLEMEN! pray now; you that are *Batchelors*! don't lick your Lips

d

too

xvi D E D I C A T I O N.

too much! for methinks, I see your Mouths watering confoundedly! but believe an honest COBLER for once, that was *she* now to be had, (for the *other two* were either *old Maids* by choice, or condemn'd to be so, according to *the Poets*) she would have made but a very scurvy Figure in the Character of an *Alderman's*, *Deputy's* or *Common-Council Man's* Lady of CORDWAINERS Ward;—they were all *three* by Profession, *Spinsters*. The *first* especially, and literally so, and most likely always continued *single*; for the *two first* were constantly so taken up in *spinning* and *sorting* the *Threads*, that, poor Girls! *they* had no Time left to think of *Love* and *Courtship*, as *their* Work was always going on, by *Night* as well as by *Day*.

And

DEDICATION. xvii

And as to the *last*, she was a *choice* Girl indeed! She would off with your *Head* and *Ears* presently at one Snap! poor *Socrates's* Wife, Madam *Xantippe*, was an *Angel* to her! for you know, GENTLEMEN, one can get out of the Noise of a *Scold* sometimes: but Z—ds! from this unmerciful *Wench* there was no escaping! My Regard for you all is such, that I would not have had any one of you *tyed* to her, for all that your *Company* is worth; as it is well known to the learned, “ that who-
“ ever liv'd with her but one Quarter
“ of an Hour, run the Hazard every
“ Moment of having the *Thread* of
“ his life *cut* short at one Snap;” as she was always observed to have in

xviii D E D I C A T I O N.

her Hand an *Instrument* that cut closer than any *Taylor's Sheers* in England: and when that is once gone, what does a Man's *Head* signify, let it have been ever so good?

And now, GENTLEMEN, having given you, I hope, sufficient Reason not to lick your Lips any longer at these *three Ladies*, give me leave to congratulate both you and *myself* on my Happiness of having so respectable a *Company* as yours for my PATRONS! I think, *now*, I have nothing to fear from any of that most *formidable* Body of Men, in or about TOWN, call'd CRITICS! — As to my *old Friends* THE REVIEWERS, you see I have already bespoke *their* Favour; besides,

DEDICATION. xlix

besides, from *former Instances* of their Friendship to me, I may think myself sure of *them* to a Man, to give my *WORK a Touch* with *their AWL* to set it going.—And as to my *COUSIN VAMP!* I know HIM to be *too fine* a Gentleman to meddle with a poor *COBLER*, as HE lives at the *Court End* of the *TOWN*, and keeps Company with very few (*MYSELF* for *one*) but *LORDS* and *DUKES*: and consequently will think A *COBLER* too much below his Notice, I mean in *that* way. As to the *Editors* of our *Magazines* and other *periodical* *WORKS* that are going for the Benefit of the *Press* and *Stamp-Office*, why, to be sure, I look upon them all as *Gentlemen*, and therefore *they* won't hurt my *WORK*.—

xx DEDICATION.

Indeed *there* are *three* fly, but very honest *Cocks*, my good Friends, the *Gazetteer*, *Public-Advertiser*, and *London Chronicle*; e'gad! I did not think of them at first! They'll certainly trim the poor COBLER! Well, hang it, I'll e'en trust them for once! as they are well known to the Public to be no Enemies to FUN, or else they would not set the People a laughing and shaking their Heads so every Day as they do in their *Papers*! But however, GENTLEMEN, lest there should be any *one* or *more* soWRONG-HEADED as to hurt the *Cobler's* WORK when it comes upon the *Stage*, (the *Bookfellers Shops*) it may not be amiss, perhaps, for the *Managers* of the *Public Theatres*, (the *Bookfellers*) to give the following Notice, by way of
of

DEDICATION. xxi

of a “ *Memento Mori* ;”—“ That
 “ whoever is so inconsiderate and fool-
 “ hardy as to treat *the Cöbler’s Work*
 “ in a *malicious, spitefull, and igno-*
 “ *minious* Manner, will have a Taste
 “ upon *Kennington Common* of what
 “ they undergo in *Turkey* for capital
 “ Offences, *the Bow-String* ; which
 “ is to be *drawn*, under the Direction
 “ of the *CORDWAINERS Company*,
 “ by two Mutes appointed for that
 “ Purpose, *the Cöbler’s Wife NELL*,
 “ and his Friend *TOM CUCUMBER*,
 “ *the Green-Grocer* in *Covent-Gar-*
 “ *den* ; and only seriously to think
 “ with themselves. what an agree-
 “ *able, pleasing, and delightfull Fi-*
 “ gure they must make in such a
 “ public Place, with their *Faces* as
 “ *red* as a *Turkey-Cock’s Gills*, and
 “ their

xxii DEDICATION.

“ their *Eyes* flying out [of their
“ *Heads* !”

I am,

G NTLEMEN,

with all due Respect, and best Wishes
for the Prosperity of our CRAFT,
and for the Health and Happiness
of YOURSELVES, LADIES, and
FAMILIES,

Your most obliged,

and Obedient,

Humble Servant,

JOBSON THE COBLER.

CORDWAINERS HALL,
Distaff-Lane, Cheapside.—

July 30th, 1768.

T H E

N.

their

Vishes
RAFT,
opinefs
and

ant,
LER.

H E

xxiii]

T H E

INTRODUCTION.

GENTLE READER,

AS but a *small* Part of the following COLLECTION was publish'd many Years ago in loose, detach'd PIECES, and favourably receiv'd by THE PUBLIC, it was hinted to THE AUTHOR by some Friends, that a Revival and Republication of them, with various Alterations, together with large Additions of PIECES never before publish'd, would be very necessary: if it was only to secure them from the

opprobrious

xxiv INTRODUCTION.

opprobrious Name of FUGITIVES and VAGABONDS, *strolling Brats* which no one perhaps would care to own; and so MASTER CRISPIN has *taken* them *up*, and thereby prevented their being *expos'd*, and deserted, (as *the Foundling Hospital* is full enough already) which you know GENTLE READER, is much better than coming into the World with *no* Father at all. They were written and *tack'd* together, (and therefore literally according to the Greek, A RHAPSODY) as Thoughts came into his Head, when at Work in his *Bulk*, being willing to make the most of his Time, that while his *Hands* were employ'd, his *Head* should not be idle, but that they might both tend to *his own* Emolument, and the Good of THE PUBLIC.

As

INTRODUCTION. xxv

As you are dispos'd, he has endeavour'd both to improve and entertain you, having put them into the various Dresses of *serious*, *comic*, *comico-serious*, and *serio-comic*; and if you will only be so good-natur'd as to put the small Sum of five Shillings into their Pockets, you shall be heartily welcome to run him thro' the Body with *his own* AWL, if they don't afford you (as my *Cousin* TEAGUE says) a *Crown's* worth of Entertainment and Edification.—And as it is esteem'd but a Piece of good Manners, as well as customary, to say something by way of PREFACE, and civilly to beg the Approbation of *the Reader*, so he will try to make a *Cobbling* Attempt that way, and address himself, as well as one in *his* Station may be suppos'd to do, both
to

xxvi INTRODUCTION.

to his *serious* and *merry Readers* ; and he does hereby promise them very faithfully, upon the *Honour* of A COBLER, (and pray GENTLE READER, why may not *he* have as much of it as THE GREAT FOLKS) that if they will be but a little good-natur'd and *gulp* down this *first* Pill of his, and not think it a *Ball of Wax*, he has taken care to *gild* all his future ones so, as that *twenty* may be swallowed as well as one.—Tho', after all, it is very great Odds, but *the Reader* will censure just as he pleases.—Well, all that can be said to the Matter is, that THE COBLER has done *his* Part ; and if it is the Fate of these Leaves of his to *singe Fowls* in a Tavern Kitchen, *wrap up* some good Plumb-Cake for *Master Dickey* and *Miss Jenny*,

INTRODUCTION. xxvii

Jenny, or take a Journey by the Carrier, with Nutmegs and other Groceries, into the Country, he don't see how it can be help'd, and so e'en let them take their Chance!—Some grave Author observes, with as much Truth as good Sense, “That the whole World acts *the Player* ;”—and why then may not an honest COBLER come in and “strut his Quarter of an Hour upon the Stage ?” If it is but for the Diversion of his Friends in the *upper Regions*. The whole World is also strangely infatuated with *the Cacoethes scribendi* : that is, GENTLE READER, *the Maggot of Scribbling*, as THE COBLER is well informed it means, by his worthy Friend the learned Clerk of *St. Bride's Parish*.

e

There

xxviii INTRODUCTION.

There are some *wise* Heads and *honest* Hearts in this *Metropolis*, who make it their business (and, no Doubt, find their Account in it) to publish a *Monthly Miscellany* or REVIEW of *Law*, *Physic*, *Divinity*, &c; Happy that *we* COBLERS and such like *Scribblers* escape their *learned* and *impartial* Animadversions! Oh! how terribly the arch Rogues would pay us off else! when, upon the *Honour* and *Modesty* of A COBLER, he can see no more in their Works than in the Story of the *Heathen Gods*, or in the Life and Adventures of *Don John of Garagantua* and his lovely Spouse *Madam Van Tantarago*. But notwithstanding all their pretended Piety and Regard for Religion, it is the Deities of *Greece* and *Rome*, which they so
much

much idolize ; They talk too of *Philosophy*, but the Deuce o'bit can he see any useful Experiment they have made that way, except by *turning Paper into Silver or Gold*, which he fairly owns is a good *Chymical* Operation enough, and sufficiently denotes their *Dexterity*.—There is another Knot of merry Fellows, who endeavour to divert *the Town*, upon a *Poetical* Foundation, who perhaps never heard of *Mount Parnassus*, the *Flying Horse*, or the *Nymphs of Helicon*. When therefore so many are dull or witty, just as their *Humour* is, why may not MASTER CRISPIN scribble a little Fun for *the Town* as well as his Neighbours ? For, as one of the Grave-Diggers in *Hamlet*, archly observes, “ 'Tis very hard

xxx INTRODUCTION.

“ that *the Rich* should have the Liberty of seeking willfully their own SALVATION, by *Hanging* or *Drowning* themselves, more than *the Poor.*” So says CRISPIN of himself; ’tis hard if *he* is deprived of the same Liberty of being either *dull* or *impertinent* as well as his *betters*. But, thanks to his *Stars* ! ’tis neither Treason nor Felony to be so now a-days : and THE PRESS, like TY—B—N, refuses nobody. And so GENTLE READER ! a little Time, a short Chapter in the Book of JOB, and a Mess of *Water-Gruel*, with a little *Wine, Spice, and Sugar* in it, will bring all Things to Light and Perfection in the following LETTERS ; and besides, you know, what signifies having all the FUN at once :
there’s

INTRODUCTION. xxxi

there's no *Fun* in *that* to be sure ! The *Fun* of a thing is to keep the *Fun* still going on ; as *our* FAMILY always very wisely and prudently observed the good *old* Rule,

NE QUID NIMIS,

That is,

“ *Too much* of a good Thing at a
“ *Time*, spoils all the *Fun*, and
“ therefore is good for nothing.”

Thus much, GENTLE READER, by way of PREFACE or INTRODUCTION to the following WORK : in which JOBSON will now begin to draw a little nearer to *himself*, and his worthy, ancient, and honourable *Family* of THE COBLERS or WRONGHEADS ; for they

xxxii INTRODUCTION.

are *all*, tho' under *different* Names, yet of the *same Family*, as will hereafter more fully appear; he having obtained such * NANNY-GOATS relating to *them*, and other Parts of his WORK, as will, he hopes, be both usefull and entertaining to his candid and good-natur'd READERS.

* ANECDOTES vulgò.

ON.

James,
here-
having
ts re-
of his
e both
candid

COBLERIANA.

* LETTER I.

STEMMATA quid faciunt?— JUVENAL.

Tell me no more from whence you've sprung,
From DICK THE COBLER, or KING JOHN.

—Nobilitas *sola* est atque *unica* VIRTUS. JUV.

VIRTUE's the *only noble Blood*

From whence we can derive TRUE GOOD.

TO PETER DINGLEBOB, ESQ;
AT GUZZLEDOWN-HALL,
IN THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK.

DEAR COUSIN,

AS I had the Pleasure of being a
Branch (tho' a very distant one, and

* Of these TWENTY LETTERS, the *first* FOUR
only have been published, about three Years ago;
and even *they* are now re-published with consi-
derable Alterations and Additions.

VOL. I.

B

there-

therefore more properly a *Twig*) of your late *Father's* Family, and have received no small Favours from him and your Grandfather, of WRONG-HEADED Memory, I know not how to make so good a Return of them, as by giving you such Particulars of our *Family* as you have often and earnestly expressed in your Letters to me. This strong and laudable Curiosity of yours, has, I confess, given me much Comfort and Satisfaction, since it not only denotes a Thirst after a *most useful* Piece of Historical Knowledge, but also is a sufficient Proof how zealous you are to keep up the *Honour* of it. For though THE COBLERS and WRONGHEADS in general were never famous for *getting* an Estate, yet some *few* of them have known how to *keep* it

LETTER I. 3

it when they have got it, which is more than *many* GREAT Families, who pretend to be much wiser, can say. You are a promising young Man, COUSIN—and as your Father, who was “*Knight of the Shire* to “represent us ALL,” has left you a good Estate, tho’, I *fear*, pretty well dipt, yet, no doubt, you will inherit his *Oeconomy*, *Sagacity*, and all his other *Virtues*, as well as *that*, and therefore I foresee you will, one Day, make a very *good* Figure in THE HOUSE---I mean if you can but get in ; for you know when you and I were in *the Lobby*, the Doors, we observed were but small : and tho’ you are young, yet your Bulk is none of the *least*, and therefore you must *squeeze a little*, as ELECTIONS are *pru-*

4 L E T T E R I.

dently managed now-a-days: For, I dare say, *Body* and *Head* together, you don't run less than between *twenty* and *thirty* Stone—However, if you *can* get in, as you have my best Wishes for Success, I think you will make a very good BROAD-BOTTOM. —I may not live to hail that *happy* Day, and afterwards hear you *speechify* in THE HOUSE—but, dead or alive, DEAR COZ, observe one Thing, which was what a *Spanish Brother* of mine said on his Death-bed to his Son, “Remember the DIGNITY of your *Family*.”—I think I need say no more after this Caution, and shall therefore proceed with the two following Remarks: “That as *Family-pride* is ridiculous, so the *Motto* at the Head of this first Letter of mine may serve for

LETTER I. §

for them all," and "That the *prin-*
cipal Particulars of *our* Family
 " were communicated many Years
 " ago to *some* of his Friends, by a
 " very ingenious Friend and *Rela-*
tion of ours in *Yorkshire*." Meet-
 ing therefore with them one Day ac-
 cidentally, they appeared so very cle-
 ver and fit for my Purpose, that I
 thought I should do a very meritori-
 ous Act in making them as public as
 possible. To *him* therefore be all the
 Merit, and to *me* the Satisfaction.—
 But, Coz, "*Ad Rem*," as the saying
 is, that is, " let us now proceed to
 "*Business*."—

It has been observ'd with no less
 Humour than Truth by the ingeni-
 ous Author of the first Number of

6 LETTER I.

the Spectator, that the Reader of a Paper is generally curious and inquisitive to know *who*, and what *Sort* of a Man the *Writer* is? not only as to his Talents or Abilities (if he has any) but also to his very *Make* or *Figure*; whether a *short*, tall, long or round-faced Man? Whether he wears a *Perriwig*, or his own *Hair* frizz'd out by *Signior TOWZERARO*? Whether he goes with a *Buckle* in his Breeches, or tied behind with one of his Landlady's old *Top Knots*? with various other Particulars of the like *Importance*; I say, till the Reader is somewhat satisfy'd in these *curious* Points, his Judgement is at a full Stop, and if asked his Opinion of him, he proceeds with great Deliberation; begs leave to suspend his Judgement; shrugs

shrugs up his Shoulders, and shakes his Head with many Looks and Airs of Consequence; gives many significant Nods, and at last ends in the formal Grimace of “Why really, “Sir, as to my Opinion of this “Writer—I—I—could say—ay—“that I could——Now mark what “I am going to say;—E’gad, Sir, “I don’t know what to say, or “or even think of him;—and so, “your Servant!”—As to *myself*, COUSIN; I look upon A COBLER to be of that *vast* Consequence as a *Writer*, that Nobody cares a single Farthing about him what *Sort* of a Fellow *he* is; whether he has a *Head* or *none* at all, or walks up and down with a large round *Turnip* set between his Shoulders by way of an *Head*;

Head; whether he wears a *Wig*, his own *Hair*, or a tatter'd *Cap* of Cotton or Flannel; whether a *sharp* Eye, or squints with one; or lastly, whether he has a good Pair of Legs or a *wooden* one; I say, *all*, or any *one* of these Things are Points of the utmost Indifference to a shrewd sensible Reader. What *he* wants to know, is, can he write any Thing tolerably clever, funny, or humorous to divert *the Town*, which, like the *Athenians* of old, is daily fond of seeing and hearing *Novelties*? Is he a good Hand at bearing a Part in a REVIEW, in praising or condemning what he does not understand, or, at least, keeping his Mouth close, like *Balaam's Ass*, till he sees AN ANGEL or *two*, in order to

LETTER I. 9

to court his Favour? or lastly, has he any smart Talents (like my Friend B—) at assisting A COM—N C—L in drawing up A CITY ADDRESS with a

——“nocet empta dolore voluptas.”

that is, COUSIN, “A *Lick* at THE COURT,” or, “A *Sugar Roll* for STATESMEN, dipt in Melasses and “Vinegar”! If he has but a *Scul* for any of these Things, he will soon find it will do, 'tis no Matter whether the *Genius* is a COBLER or a POLITICIAN, since he will want neither *Money* nor *Fame*; and with this Advantage, that sometimes the POLITICIAN is the greater *Bungler* of the

two

Two, as the Families of the COBLERS and WRONGHEADS plainly testify, having been famous for their Exploits Time immemorial. Hence, it is a common Thing with us to call a *Blockhead*, a WRONGHEADED *Whelp*, or a COBBLING Cur: for when a Man is fit for nothing else, he will do for A COBLER; it being observed that all *Fools* are *Coblers*, tho' it don't always follow that all *Coblers* are *Fools*, as (with Modesty be it spoken and humbly hoping) Witness

your very Loving Cousin,

and Humble Servant,

JOBSON.

P. S.

LETTER I. 11

P. S. I shall not forget in my future LETTERS to be very particular according to your express Desire, about the *great Hero* of our Family, SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, and our two notable Cousins, frisky MISS JENNY and the cunning SQUIRE RICHARD.

LET-

LETTER II.

DEAR COUSIN,

HAVING now paid my Respects to you in the former Part of my first Letter, with a friendly Caution for your future Conduct in Life, I took Occasion, towards the Sequel of it, to borrow an Hint (to furnish my poor weak Head withal) from the ingenious Author of the first Number of *the Spectator*, about that natural Curiosity which most Readers of a Paper have after the *Writer* of it, not only as to his Talents or Abilities, but even as to his *personal* Make or Figure, with various other Particulars of the like *Importance*; of which,
till

LETTER II. 13

till he is somewhat satisfy'd, he is either totally at a Loss what to say, or with great Caution and Deliberation gives his Opinion of him. I proceed now, as I promised, to gratify your Request with some Account of our COBBLING *Family*; the Origin of which you must know, is of very ancient Date; our *wise* and *learned* ANCESTORS being able to trace up their Genealogy even before *the Flood*: for there were COBLERS and WRONG-HEADS *then* as well as *now*, only they were not quite so numerous; every Age, since that Time, growing *wiser* and *wiser*; I mean, in their own Conceits, which plainly proves them ten Times greater COBLERS and WRONG-HEADS than their *Forefathers*. Our *present*

VOL. I.

C

Times

Times are *happy* Instances of what I am saying, and afford ample Testimonies of this very modest Assertion. If any one is so ignorant as to doubt the Truth of this, only let him pop his Head into a CHURCH, and there he will, too often! see a COBLER that is not able to read a Chapter, especially if it happens to abound with *proper Names*, such as SHADRACH, MESHACH, and ABEDNEGO: and therefore the learned CLERK hobbles them over for the *first* Time as well as he can, and when he comes to them again, he very prudently calls them "*the three aforesaid Gentlemen.*"—So again in WESTMINSTER-HALL, that learned Theatre of the Law; there he may see COBLERS of a Counsellor and his Attorney laying

laying their wife Noddles together before his LORDSHIP comes in, and conning over a *Brief* Bottom upwards, not only to prove their Dexterity in managing their *Client's* Cause *arsy versy*, that is, “any how” “Top or Bottom,” “End or Side” “foremost;” but also to shew that they don’t love to be tyed down to old obsolete Rules of doing Things in a plain natural Way.—Thus the poor Client loses his Cause and his Money too, thro’ a * “*Non est In-*

* These, COUSIN, are LAW-TERMS, which as I don’t understand, so, if you are curious to know, when you come up to TOWN, your best Way will be to go to the aforesaid HALL.---But be sure to have your Money ready, as the Gentlemen there know too well the Value of Time, and exercising their Lungs for nothing; otherwise perhaps they may clap a *Detainer* upon you, and so you will not be able to get out.

“*ventus*,” or a “*Quare Impedit.*” instead of a “*Noli Prosequi*,” which, by the bye, would at least save his Money whatever became of his Cause.—Once more,—let him only step into a PUPPICARY’S Shop, and see what a Load of *Emetics*, *Catharticks*, and the whole *Farrago* of the the *Pestle*, *Mortar*, and *Bottles* : (enough to give OLD NICK his *Quietus*)—and here, COUSIN, he will find THE COBLER again. An *Emetic* given instead of a *Cathartic*, and a *Clyster* administer’d in the Case of a *Diarrhoea* ;—Thus the poor *Patient* is COBBLED out of his Life, and goes out of the World *straining* at the Top and *whistling* at the Bottom, only to shew that *Mr. Clyster - Pipe* is a thorough

LETTER II.

17

thorough Workman, and so he unfortunately dies, “ *Secundum Ar-*
“ *tem*,” that is, “ fairly of a COB-
“ BLING DOCTOR.” And now, COU-
SIN PETER, methinks I hear you say, “ Very true! but what of all
“ this? Where’s your Account of
“ your COBBLING *Family*? Why,
really, as you say, that is something
to the Purpose indeed; but having
already experienc’d your Candour
and Good-nature on former Occa-
sions, I hope you’ll be pleased to ac-
cept of this by Way of *Digression*,
after the humourous *Irish Dean’s*
usual Manner, as I have some old
Family Writings by me which I can’t
read over and examine now, on
account of the unlucky Accident of

18 LETTER II.

my *Barnacles* just dropped off and breaking one of the Glasse, and therefore must be sent forthwith to the Optician's to be repaired ;

your's, &c.

JOBSON.

LET-

LETTER III.

DEAR COZ,

HAVING now happily got my Eye-sight again, and pretty well examined our old *Family* Writings, I proceed with great Pleasure to perform my Promise, and gratify your Impatience. You must know then, that THE COBLERS have the Honour of being most nearly related to that truly *wise* and *honourable Family* of THE WRONG-HEADS. My AUNT being *half Sister* to the famous SIR FRANCIS, the great *Hero* of it, of immortal Memory : of whom, with my *wise* Cousin SQUIRE RICHARD, and his *frisky* Sister Miss JENNY more hereafter. From HIM descended the famous COBLER of
Crip-

Cripplegate who was my *Mother's First Cousin*.—As we are a most numerous Family, and remarkable for our *Wisdom* and *Sagacity*, as for our being so *well ally'd*, it is no Wonder to People of Sense that *so many* of us are employed in the *highest* Posts of Honour and Profit in the *Nation*, and frequently in the Management and Direction of Affairs of the greatest Consequence both in CHURCH and STATE. And as we are the most *numerous* Family in the *Universe*, we are by *Blood* or *Marriage* related to the most *illustrious* Houses in EUROPE.—I know it has been very carefully (tho' very slanderously) reported “ that we are but “ as it were *Mushrooms* of Yesterday” but no one, COUSIN, who is the least acquainted

acquainted with History, will give any Credit to this gross and ungrateful Calumny, as it is too plain what *shining* Figures *we* have made in every Age and Nation, and especially *our own*, in which we are more immediately concern'd, and defy our most inveterate Enemies to deny it ! It is well known what great Numbers of *Prime Ministers, Peers, Bishops, and Privy-Counselors* we have had to *our great Honour and the Credit of the Nation*: besides *Baronets, Knights, Esquires,* and *JUST-ASSES of the Peace* innumerable ! In searching some of the old *Family Writings*, I find “ that one
 “ of our Family was A CONJURER,”
 (an Honour, COUSIN, of which very few illustrious Houses can boast)
 “ that

“ that he was your Name-fake PETER,” and “ that he always went by the Name of PETER THE CON-JURER.” But poor PETER sticking too close to *St. Paul’s* Advice of “ minding Things above more than Things on the Earth ;” he one Night being rather too intent on *Star-gazing*, fell into a Ditch which was very muddy, in the Road between *Brumpton* and *Chelsea*, pitch’d into it Head foremost, and was discover’d in the Morning with his Heels appearing just above the Surface, so as to give his Neighbours the Opportunity of dragging him out ; he was accordingly honourably interr’d in WESTMINSTER-ABBEY with great Funeral Pomp, on paying the *trifling* Fees to the D—N and CH—P—R,

to

LETTER III. 23

to the irreparable Grief and Loss, not only of *our own* Family, but also of the *whole Neighbourhood* besides, who look'd upon PETER as the only CONJURER then living. There are *many* now alive of *no small* Distinction in the *Nation*, both in CHURCH and STATE (that shall be nameless, as I would not ruffle their *flexible, gentle* Tempers) who *affect* to forget that they owe their *present* Greatness and Wealth to the superfine Strokes of *Policy* of the COBLERS their *Predecessors*!—But we hope yet to retrieve the *Honour* and *Figure* of THE FAMILY, and to contribute as much to the Glory and Prosperity of the *next* Generation, as our Predecessors have done to the *past*. To dwell particularly

larly on the long Train of Services which *we* have done to THE PUBLIC, might well be thought invidious as well as tedious ; it is sufficient to say, *at present*, what wonderful Improvements *we* have made in THIS Nation as to *Learning, Religion, and Policies*. The Figure which we made in the *Learned World*, for above these *Thousand Years*, is well known. For during that Space of Time, we had the whole Direction of the *Universities, Churches, Schools*, and the most learned *Societies* in EUROPE : by which we stand eminently distinguish'd from the rest of Mankind : and from which, we may, I think COUSIN, fairly promise ourselves such a Superiority of Rank and Character

LETTER III. 25

rafter as is due to such superior
Merit, and the Services which we
are every Day doing to our NATIVE
COUNTRY.—

I am, DEAR COZ,

yours heartily ;

JOBSON.

D

LET-

LETTER IV.

DEAR COUSIN,

IN my last Letter, I hope I proved, to a Demonstration, how nearly *allied* our *Family* of THE COBLERS was to that very *wise* and *honourable* one of THE WRONGHEADS—and how we are dispersed about in THIS *Nation*, both in CHURCH and STATE ; in the next Place, I gave you an Account of *one*, who, while living, was a bright Ornament to the *Family*, your Name-fake PETER, commonly called THE CONJURER—and how, by his being too much addicted to ASS-TROLOGY, he fell into a Ditch, and was suffocated to *our* great Grief, and the irreparable

LETTER IV. 27

parable Loss of the *World* in general !
 I then clearly shewed you what a long
 Train of Services *we* have done to
 THE PUBLIC, and are daily doing to
 our NATIVE Country by our vast Im-
 provements in *Learning, Religion, and*
Politics. To proceed,—*We* are the *sole*
 Authors of those *immense* Treasures
 of *Learning*, which have, of late
 Years, burst out, like a *Cataract*, from
 THE PRESS, and made such a pom-
 pous and voluminous Appearance in
 the Libraries of the Learned, under
 the *illustrious* Titles of MAGAZINES,
 &c. BIBLES of all Sorts, such as FAMI-
 LY, IMPERIAL, GRAND-IMPERIAL,
 &c. HISTORIES of *England*, espe-
 cially the most *voluminous*, and that
 make the most *tearing* Shew, in ONE
 HUNDRED AND FIFTY OR TWO HUN-

DRED NUMBERS or *upwards*; REVIEWS and such like *elaborate* and *honest* Productions, which, by the barabarous *Pride* and *Ignorance* of THE MODERNS are *held* in such great Contempt, that I am afraid nothing but PUBLIC Libraries, secured by Locks, Bolts, and Chains, can possibly preserve them from the *more* barbarous Fury of Pastry-Cooks, Band-Box-Makers, Grocers, and Tallow-Chandlers. This most malicious Opposition which *we* have of late Years met with, and more so now every Day, is suppos'd, by the shrewd and sensible Part of Mankind, to be owing to a Sett of *outlandish* Monsters call'd Writers of Novels, Romances, Sing-song Operas, and such sort of *learned* Lingo, which has almost drove us
out

LETTER IV. 29

out of Doors, and will soon send us
a starving, if THE LEGISLATURE,
from their well-known *Wisdom* and
Goodness, don't think fit to put a Stop
to it, by passing AN ACT, and *that*
very soon too, as we find ourselves
going as fast as possible, " That no
" one shall presume to write or
" publish any Thing till he has
" made Oath before a *Justice of*
" *Peace*, or the *sitting Alderman* at
" *Guildhall*, that he is one of our
" Family : and that we have *Let-*
" *ters-Patent* for our *sole* writing
" and publishing for, at least, the
" Term of ONE HUNDRED Years
" to come." Bless me, COUSIN
PETER, you would be quite thun-
der-struck ? if you did but know
how many *learned Editors, Trans-*

D 3
lators,

lators, Commentators, Critics, and Grammarians our *wise* Family has produced! How many *various* Readings even upon *various* Readings, *Notes* upon *Annotations*, *Criticisms* upon *Critics*, and *Commentaries* upon *Commentators* have *we* published! how many *elaborate* Treatises have *we* compos'd upon such Subjects, as never could have enter'd into any *Heads*, or employ'd any Pens but *our own*! how many, in short, *useful* and *valuable* Words, *Letters*, *Colons*, *Semi-Colons*, *Periods*, and other Ornaments of good Writing, which by the barbarous Ignorance, or unpardonable Negligence of Copyists and Printers, have been mutilated, defaced, misplaced, and lost, have *we* restor'd and recover'd to their proper

LETTER IV. 31

proper Place and Dignity in *the Republic of Learning* ! Another short, but sufficient Instance of *our Learning* is as follows.—A Friend of mine went not long ago about five Miles from *Town* to bury his Father, and in the Responsal made by the *Clerk* of the Parish, a near Relation of *ours*, in the 39th Psalm and 14th Verse, instead of saying, “ for I am a *Stranger* with Thee, “ and a *Sojourner* as all my Fathers “ were,” He cryed out with a very laudable Voice to the Admiration of us all, “ for I am *Stronger* than “ thee, and a *Journeyman*, as all “ my Fathers were ;”—There, COUSIN, what think you of that ? and to shew you how effectually and *ingeniously* another Relation of *ours* acted

acted towards putting an entire Stop to that vile and infamous Practice of *Duelling*, which all our WISE-ACRES have not yet been able to do, the following Instance will sufficiently testify;—"He happen'd, one Day, to have some Words with a Customer of his, who generally serves the Office of *Constable* for the principal Inhabitants of the Ward of *Farringdon Within*, and a Challenge was accordingly given; but for want of *Gloves* they exchanged *Handkerchiefs*, and a Meeting was appointed at six o'Clock the next Morning in *Charter-House-Square*. Our Relation being a little more attentive to his Engagement than his Antagonist, charg'd his *Pistols* with a Brace of *Balls* in each, but quite forgot the
Gun-

LETTER IV. 33

Gunpowder. He waited for near an Hour, and at last sent a Messenger to know the Occasion of the *Constable's* Delay, who found the worthy Wight fast asleep in Bed, without the least dreaming about the Matter. Now this happy forgetting the *Powder* on one Side, and Inattention on the other, remov'd at once, you see, all Animosity whatsoever, and the Parties are now as good Friends as any in the Neighbourhood." Thus much, I hope, COUSIN, may be sufficient to say at present, as to our superior Degree of Merit in general as to *Learning*. But there is one most remarkable Instance of it, in particular, which was I to omit, I am sure you would never forgive me, nor indeed could I ever forgive myself.

self: But, as I would not strain your Eyes too much, *this*, with our *Religion* and *Politics*, shall be the Subjects of some *future* LETTERS.

I am, COUSIN PETER,

yours, &c.

JOBSON.

LET.

LETTER V.

DEAR COUSIN.

IN my foregoing Letter on this Subject of our *wise* and numerous *Family* of THE COBLERS, I gave you an Account of our having the *Honour* to boast of being the *sole* Authors of those *immense* Treasures of *Learning* to be found only in the Libraries of the Learned, under the *illustrious* Titles of MAGAZINES, REVIEWS, and such like *elaborate* and *honest* Productions ; and here, COUSIN, pardon a little Vanity (for the Honour of *our* Family) arising from a Self-consciousness of *our* Honesty and Integrity : for it is well known, that we, poor as we are, or may be thought, scorn

scorn to finger a GUINEA of *any* Author's Money for giving his *Book* or *Pamphlet* a *favourable* Character to gain the Esteem of *the Public* in *our* REVIEWS. No, COUSIN, we are above all such DIS-INTERESTED Motives. *We* give no Character of *any* Writer but what arises merely from our *real* and *well-known* regard to TRUTH, LEARNING, and RELIGION; and let me tell you, COUSIN, that if any one of those *witty* Gentlemen of your CLUB, whom you have mentioned to me occasionally, dare to say otherwise, and comes within length of my WOODEN LEG, I shall be apt to brandish it about his Ears in such a manner, as would soon make him remember how he affronts the *wise, ancient, and honourable*

LETTER V. 37

nourable *Family* of THE COBLERS. I come now to give you, according to Promise, the *finishing Stroke* of our *Family* in that most remarkable Instance of their great *Depth* of *Learning*. I should have done this indeed in my last Letter, had I not been then much puzzled to make it out by some old *Family* Writings (which were sent to me some Time ago out of WALES) being gnawn in several Places either by the *Rats* or some of the *Taffys* there, as I found they had been almost for this *Century* past, condemn'd to wrap up CHEESE in an old Chest; and tho' by some Accident or other, they have stolen so far into the World as to be known, but that only to some *few particular* People, yet I thought it was doing *no small*

E

Injustice

Injustice to our *wise Family*, as well as *Injury to the Public*, (as before observ'd) not to endeavour to make them as much known as possible, as will plainly appear in *these LETTERS* which I have already sent to you and more fully hereafter, especially as to what relates to our *bright Ornament* and *great HERO* of it, the *wise* SIR FRANCIS, of ever honour'd and immortal Memory ! who, for his *most profound Wisdom, deep Penetration, and remarkable Sagacity*, was the *only one* of the Family who had the good Luck to be distinguish'd with the *Honour* of KNIGHTHOOD, and was therefore most emphatically and justly call'd THE COBLER. And tho' I very well know that that arch Rogue, my Friend JOE MILLER, has

LETTER V. 39

has got some of the *wise* and *sensible* Speeches made by *some* of our *Family*, in his JEST BOOK, yet I would have you well observe, COUSIN, that not only HE, but also several *Wits* of OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE have stole them *all* from us, and most impudently puff'd them off for *their own*; But however, as poor JOE made a Livelyhood of it, we excuse *him* from Pity and Compassion, as it kept the *sly Cur* from starving; But we take it very ill at the Hands of our two famous UNIVERSITIES, who, I think, should have had more Modesty as well as Good-Sense; and some Time or other we may avenge ourselves of this gross and scandalous Affront, as they *must* be sensible, under what infinite Obligations they

have been from Time immemorial, and are every Year to us still, for sending so many of *our Family* constantly amongst them. And now to return, COUSIN, from this Digression to the *most remarkable* Instance of *one* of our *Family* as to Learning, and with which I will conclude this Letter. “ *He* was early distinguish’d in — College in CAMBRIDGE for his great Modesty, and Love for CUSTARD and WHITE-POT. He walk’d *much*, said *little*, and read *less*, but paid it off most stoutly with *thinking*. His TUTOR met him one Day as he was by himself in the Fields at the Back of the *College*, and advis’d him “ to stay at Home a little more, study hard, and eat as much CUSTARD and WHITE-POT

“ as

LETTER V. 41

“ as he would.” He told him,
 “ that he study’d very hard, and
 “ had read no less than FOUR-
 “ TEEN of *Terence’s* Plays; and as
 “ to *Virgil*, he would read no more
 “ of *him*: for that to *his own* Know-
 “ ledge, he *stole* the very *first* Verse
 “ of his Book out of the *Grammar* ;”
 In short, COUSIN, the Heads of the
University were so astonish’d at his
superiour Learning and Knowledge,
 that they gave him his *Degrees* with
 Honour in a *full Senate*. He, soon
 after, enter’d into *Orders*, and for
 his *surprizing* Parts, became a *sit*
 PLURALIST and DIGNITARY in THE
 CHURCH. His Promotion, it seems,
 was the Subject of much Conversation
 and Merriment among a Sett of Ger-
 tlemen, (at a *noted* House in TOWN

42 L E T T E R V.

at that Time of Day, where a *Cousin* of mine used to frequent,) who were well-known for their *Envy* and *Spite* to our *Family*;—On *this* Occasion, one of them said at the *Club*, “ For
 “ *my* Part, I am not at all surpriz’d,
 “ that a Man who has been for so
 “ many Years past a remarkable
 “ *Blunderbuss*, should at last become
 “ A CANON.”—At which they all
 burst into a loud and rude Laugh.—
 This provok’d my *Cousin* not a little ;
 he was therefore very indignant, (for
 the *Honour*. of the *Family* no Doubt)
 and looking very sternly at them all,
 reply’d in a very grave and severe
 Tone of Voice, “ GENTLEMEN !
 “ you may laugh as much as you
 “ please at THE DOCTOR, but he
 “ had more Sense in his *little Finger*
 “ than

LETTER V. 43

“ than *all* your *Heads* put together,
“ and remember the good *old Pro-*
“ *verb*, “ Let HIM laugh that
“ WINS.” And immediate’y left
them with great Indignation to finish
their Laugh by themselves. So much,
COUSIN, for our *unequall’d Learn-*
ing! our *Religion* and *Politics* will
be equally as amazing in my *next*.
And am,

yours, &c.

JOBSON.

LET-

LETTER VI.

DEAR COUSIN.

HAVING given you the *finishing Stroke* of our *Family* as to *Learning*. in the *remarkable* Instance of *one*, who, while at the *University*, was early distinguish'd there for his great *Modesty*, deep *Thinking*, and Love for CUSTARD and WHITE-POT ; his *wise* and *learned* Answers to his TUTOR, and how he afterwards became a *Doctor*, a *fat Pluralist* and *Dignitary* in THE CHURCH : I shall now give you a Taste of our *Religion* and *Politics*, both which you'll find equally as *amazing* as our *transcendent*

dent Learning. Indeed as to *Religion*, we being always reckon'd by our Neighbours found at *Heart* as well as clever in *Head*, it was a rule, with us to make *Belief* and *Præctice* constantly go together, as to the *main* Articles of Salvation; but in Points of very *little* or *no* Consequence, we could start and conjure up difficulties as well as *other* Folks, when we had a mind to broach a favourite *Tenet*, and set a new-fangled, absurd, and whimsical *Opinion* going in the World in order to disturb it;—However, as the Business of *our Family*, was chiefly to shew the good People of ENGLAND, that provided they profess'd *some Sort* of *Religion*, and were but honest in it: so, the *particular* Sort or Kind was not very material,

terial, or worth contending about;
to the Disturbance of civil Society, or
the Prejudice of a Man's *Interest*;
“ They that *will* have A MAY-POLE,
“ *shall* have a MAY-POLE, and they
“ that won't, you know, COUSIN,
“ may let it alone.” But I can't
dismiss this Part of our Subject, viz.
our *Religion*, without giving you a
striking instance of *another* of our
Family being a thorough Proficient
in it; my *Cousin*, whom I mention'd
in my last, was one Day at a *Fami-
ly-Club*, which was kept at that Time
at the BULL-HEAD in the *Borough*,
and which, some People of more
Wit than goodManners, in Contempt
of *our Family*, used to call THE
CALVES-HEAD CLUB.—One of the
Company, who affected to be thought
wiser

LETTER VI. 47

wiser and better than the rest, begun to talk upon *Religion*, at which his next Neighbour interrupted him, “ Prithee, TOM, said he, don’t you “ pretend to talk about *Religion*, I “ am sure you know nothing of the “ Matter ; come I’ll lay you a “ *Guinea* you can’t say THE LORD’S “ PRAYER”—Done ! said TOM, up he gets, and with an audible Voice repeats THE CREED from the Beginning to the End without missing a single Word ; at which the other, lifting up his Hands with great Surprise, “ Well, said he, most amazing indeed ! I could not have “ thought he could ever have done “ it ; but I fairly own I’ve lost my “ Wager.” To which the whole Company

Company (being equally astonish'd) immediately assented. — Now, had this happen'd in any *other* Company, it is ten Thousand to one but it had produced another Wager, or a Quarrel, or perhaps a *Duel*; But my *Cousin*, who was a Man of Prudence, put a Stop to any further Explanation, by declaring, “ That as they met together purely to be merry, talking (as he wisely observ'd) especially about *Religion*, did but spoil “ Company.” And thus much, COUSIN, I hope may be sufficient to say on *this* Head: in which a Man must be wilfully blind and stupid indeed, not to see what a superior Merit *we* have over *other* Families (even NOBLE ones too) in our Knowledge

ledge of *Religion*. I would not have my *gentle Readers*, COUSIN, think that I borrow'd *this* from my Friend JOE MILLER, or the OXFORD or CAMBRIDGE Jests: as I have already shew'd in a former Letter, that all their most clever *Witticisms*, *Blunders* and *Conundrums* are every one of them stolen from the *ancient, wise, and honourable Family* of THE COBLERS. I proceed now (that I may not be thought tedious, as my giving you *one* Instance of our *great Knowledge in Religion* is as good as a *Thousand*) to consider *our Family* as to their *superior* and more amazing Skill in *Politics*, as *this* is our MA-
 STER-PIECE.—And I will venture to affirm in Spite of any one, that our

present *Greatness, Wealth, and Power*, by which we are enabled to hold the *Balance* and direct the *Counsels* of all EUROPE, have been entirely owing to the exquisite *Forefight* and dextrous *Conduct* of our *Family*. — It is true, that we have been now and then kept out of *Play*, and indeed at some particular *Times* and *Circumstances*, much longer than we could have wish'd, as we always had OLD ENGLAND'S Interest and Happiness (and a LITTLE of our *own* too, COUSIN, which you know is but natural) wholly at Heart. I shall therefore endeavour to make it appear in my future LETTERS, and that too, as plain as the *Nose* upon your *Face* (as a certain *Serjeant at Law* once told a certain *Judge* upon the
the

LETTER VI. 51

the Bench who was remarkable for
A VERY LARGE *Nose*), how *finely*
and *swimmingly* Things went on when
we were in *Power*.—

I am,

DEAR COZ.

yours, &c.

JOBSON.

LETTER VII.

DEAR COUSIN,

IN my former Letters, I have given you such *amazing* Proofs of our most profound *Knowledge* in *Learning* and *Religion*, that, I believe, wiser Heads than yours (and no Affront to you, Coz, neither) will be utterly at a Loss which to admire most.—But, I think, in *my* Opinion, our Knowledge in *POLITICS* by far exceeds both the others ; as it is well known, that *this* is our MASTER-PIECE. For will any one presume to deny, that our present *Greatness*,
Wealth,

LETTER VII. 53

Wealth, and *Power*, by which we hold the *Balance* of EUROPE, have been *entirely* owing to the exquisite *Forefight* and dextrous *Conduct* of our Family ? and how well Things went on when WE were *in Power* ?—It is true, that we have been now and then kept *out of Play*, and are most shamefully cried down by the *late* and *present* Possessors of *Power* ; but let me tell you a Secret, COUSIN, (as you are a young Man, and most likely will see more of this when I am dead and gone) that had not WE conducted *public Measures* when *in Power*, by a Sett of shrewd Maxims, and Rules of sound Policy, *entirely our own*, OLD ENGLAND had never seen so many *glorious Treaties, Congresses, Conven-*

tions, Negotiations, Alliances, Secret Expeditions, preventive Measures, temporary Expedients, WAYS and MEANS (mind *that*, COUSIN, for *spending* Money for THE PUBLIC GOOD as well as *raising* it) &c ; &c ; &c ; as are the *Glory* of the *present* Age ; and, most undoubtedly, will be the *Wonder* of the *next* !—the *blessed* Effects of which are too well seen, felt, heard, and understood, to need any further Explanation. It seems very plain from our Proceedings, that whatever Laurels have already been, or may be hereafter, gather'd by *us*, or our *Posterity*, on any Part of the *Continent*, were planted by the Hands of our most *wise* and *illustrious* Predecessors. For
who,

who, but *one* of *our* Family, could have advised the sending over the *immediate Heir* to THE CROWN, in a *late* Reign, into *Spain* and *France* (our good Friends and Allies) to look out for A WIFE, as *Protestantism* and *Popery* have so close a *Connection* and such good *Harmony* with each other? and who, but *another* of them, could possibly have consented to let him go? in both which Cases, the *Nation*, at that Time, most certainly could not sufficiently *applaud* our most profound *Wisdom* and *Sagacity* in POLITICS; I think, from the transaction of that *notable* Affair, we may fairly date the *ÆRA* of that long train of *Blessings* and *Successes*, which has constantly attended us, such as

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THE GRAND REBELLION, *Affair* of the *Dutch* at AMBOYNA, in which *they* made themselves famous for their *Honesty* and *Humanity*, and WE, much more so, for our *Generosity* in forgiving them a considerable Sum of Money which they *so freely offer'd* for a few trifling Damages: 'The Band-Box, Warming-Pan, and other PLOTS. The perpetual change of Ministry in the late *Queen's* Reign, and our exceeding *Shrewdness* and *Sagacity* in keeping ourselves not only clear of the T—W—R and N—GATE, but even of being in the least call'd in Question, whilst *many others*, for want of our *political* Foresight and Conduct, got very snug Places in those agreeable Mansions: So again, to come
a little

a little nearer Home ; who can read the *Annals* of ENGLAND, and not admire our most *refined Strokes* in the Scheme for a *general Excise*, and the *Treaty* of PEACE at AIX LA CH—P—LE, in which our *Family* was almost lost in Pride and Vanity with Praises for their admirable Conduct in sending over a *sage, old* EMBASSADOR, whose Head was well known to have a much better Turn for *Congresses* and *Treaties* than for a *Wager* at Newmarket, or a *Game* at Cricket ; as also two HOSTAGES, with which our good *Friends* THE FRENCH were highly delighted in seeing and shewing about as a Sight, the two MILORDS ANGLAIS, and our *Family* as much applauded for their

Sagacity

58 LETTER VII.

Sagacity and *Generosity* in keeping such perfidious Rogues as they are well known to be, to a *strict* Observation of THE TREATY.—But there is one *most refined* Stroke in POLITICS, COUSIN, yet behind, which has made the very *Name* of our Family so famous all over EUROPE, that my *Modesty* will scarce suffer me to tell you how we are overwhelm'd with that *Deluge* of Thanks and Congratulations from all Parts of the POLITICAL World, which has constantly flow'd in upon us; I mean the *last* TREATY, so happily concluded by *two or three* of our *wise* Family at P—R—s, and which the *French* and *Spaniards* are so *honest* and *careful* to observe at *Dunkirk*, *Newfoundland*,
and

LETTER VII. 59

and several *other* places, Payment of the CANADA *Bills*, MANILLA *Ransom*, &c; as Time may fully prove hereafter.—

I am,

COUSIN PETER,

yours, &c.

JOBSON.

LET-

58 LETTER VII.

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I am,

COUSIN PETER,

yours, &c.

JOBSON.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

DEAR COZ,

IN my last on the *old* Subject, I think I have pretty well let you into the *Light*, by the help of a *dark* Lanthorn of my own, of *our Family's* most profound *Skill* and *Knowledge* in *POLITICS*; and this, I humbly conceive, I fairly prov'd in several *striking* Instances for almost this *Century* and *half* past; beginning from the *wise* and *glorious* Reign of KING JAMES the First, of *Cobbling* Memory, and of whom, *we* are not a little proud in boasting as a *FOUNDER* of our *Family*: Witness his sending over to *SPAIN* and *FRANCE* the

rex

next Heir to THE CROWN, to look out for A WIFE, whereby *Protestantism* and *Popery* might be the more strongly connected, as they are well known to *agree* so perfectly together. I also told you, the general Thanks we had upon *that* Occasion, and how deservedly our great *Wisdom* and *Sagacity* was admired even by COUNT GONDOMAR himself, who was always lavish in his Praises of *the King*, for that *refined Stroke*, and which he always took care to express in such *truly* CICERONIAN Latin, as plainly prov'd *him* also to belong to *our Family*;—The long Train also of *Blessings* and *Successes* which has constantly attended us even to *this Day*, arising from that *notable* Transaction of *the Marriage*, such as before men-

62 L E T T E R V I I I .

tion'd, but especially the *finishing Stroke* of our justly envy'd and never enough to be admir'd *Wisdom*, our happily concluding the *LAST Treaty* at P—R—s, which was done most effectually by *two* or *three* COUSINS of our *wise* Family ; and how *honestly* and *carefully* we make the MOUNSEERS and the DONS keep it at *Dunkirk, Newfoundland, &c ; &c ;* their *exact* and *punctual* Payment of the CANADA Bills, MANILLA Ransom, our *peaceable* and *sole* Possession of the cutting *Logwood* in the *Bay of Honduras, &c ; &c ; &c ;*—Oh! COUSIN PETER, I declare, I can scarce tell how to keep my Sides from splitting with Laughter, when I think how *we* have, for once, *nick'd* these Rogues at their own *Game !* I warrant

rant you, we will make them quite *sick* of *us* and our *Cunning* Management yet before we have done with them, and *rue* the Day that ever they were so *short-sighted*, as to have it said to their eternal Shame, “ that “ ENGLAND has given FRANCE and “ SPAIN their Belly full of POLI- “ TICS by a P—CE, as well as of “ *Fighting* by a W—R.” I think, COUSIN, that *our Family* has done their Business for them *now* with a Witness, and secur’d the Repose of not only ENGLAND, but also all EUROPE upon such a lasting Foundation, as they must be very *cunning* indeed to over-reach us *now*. We have secur’d a PE—CE for, at least this Century; and so farewell to the MOUNSEERS and DONS till the Year.

1800 and odd. We leave them *now* to their *Wooden Shoes, Fricassees, and Ragouts of Frogs and Toads*, as we shall expect to see or hear no more of them till *that* Time, when we leave it to *them* and *our Posterity* to fight it out, if they have not had their *Belly full* already, and if *they* do but mind their Hits at the *Eve* of a *future War*, to be as dextrous and expert at negotiating a Peace, as *we*, their illustrious *Predecessors* of COB-LING and RIGHT-HEADED Memory ! have been before them, I'll answer for it, (for the *Honour* of our *Family*) that FRANCE and SPAIN with all their Tricks of *Cardinals* and *Jesuits* will not have it in their Power to molest them, for, at least, a CENTURY after *that*. I don't at all doubt,

COUSIN,

LETTER VIII. 65

COUSIN, but there will be Plenty of *our Family* in the *next* Century, as we are well known to be so very numerous: But if *they* won't manage for *themselves*, e'gad I say, e'en let them look to it, for why should *we*, you know? There's my *Cousin* TOM DUNDERHEAD (who is universally known to have had such an excellent *Knack* at POLITICS and ELECTIONEERING as to be call'd emphatically THE POLITICIAN) very *justly* thinks "that *we* have done *too much* " for *them* already;" and very *wisely* observ'd (as *another* of *our Family* did some Years ago, who was *Fellow* of a *College* in *Oxford*) "That before " *we* do any *more* for *them*, he should " be glad to know what they *have* " done,

G. 3

66 L E T T E R V I I I .

“ done, or see what they *will* do for
 “ *us.*” Well done, *Cousin* TOM !
 a *right Son* of the COBBLING Family
 e’gad ! SIR FRANCIS’S *nown* Boy
 from *Head* to *Foot* ! You must
 know, COUSIN, that TOM was a
clever Fellow for POLITICS early in
 Life. He stuck close to his *Uncle*
 BOB, (*another* of *our Family*, of
 whom, more in one of my *future*
 LETTERS) and followed him Step by
 Step till at last he so improv’d upon
his ART OF COOKERY, as to gain the
 Applause of *all EUROPE* for giving
 the *best* Receipt for making A PEACE
 UP not only at *his own* Table, but
 also at the *Council-Table* at VER-
 S—LES and M—D—RID. TOM’S
 Fame for POLITICS and his Receipt
 for

LETTER VIII. 67

for the *above Dish* which was cook'd up under his Directions at AIX LA CHA—LE, had spread so about, that he having Occasion to make a Trip over to *French Flanders* not long after that with his *Lady*, his very Name diffus'd such a general Joy among the *Flanderkins* and all that Part of his *Tour*, that it was very much feared by *our Family* here at Home, that he would not return again *alive*, the whole Country was so monstrously fond of him, that they were fit to eat him up. You, COUSIN PETER! was but a Boy at that Time o'Day; but, bless me! how did every *Flanders* Mail abound from one End to the other with Accounts of vast *Multitudes* of People
along

68 L E T T E R V I I I .

along the Shores and Roads wherever he went. *Bells* ringing, *Canons* roaring, *Drums* and *Trumpets*, *Burgo-Masters* &c; in their Formalities, Commanding *Officers* with the *Guard* on Duty, drawn up to receive him! In short, such *Pomp*, *Parade*, *Huzzaing*, *Feasting*, and *Dancing*, that, as we were told by the *Papers* afterwards, the *People* never saw the *like* before, and did not recover themselves of their *Debauch* for above a *Twelvemonth* after; nay, *Hundreds* actually died of the *middling* and *lower* Sort of the *People*, occasion'd by the general *Surfeit*; and many of the *Quality* were obliged to go over to *MONTPELLIER*, *THE SPA*, and *other* Places to recover their *Healths*.

His

L E T T E R VIII. 69

His Arrival caus'd such a Consternation every where, tho' with as sudden a Joy, that they could not have been more affected with a Sight of THE POPE, GRAND SEIGNIOR, or GRAND MOGUL ! The Occasion of TOM's Trip over to *Holland* and *Flanders* caus'd among the *knowing* ones in POLITICS, various Speculations ; *some* thought that he had projected a PLAN for draining the *Fens* and *Bogs* of the Low-countries, being very ingenious at Works of that Sort : and so would go with it to THE HAGUE himself, that it might not miscarry, and the better to explain his *Scheme* to THE GRAND PENSIONARY ; but *others* (of *our Family*) who knew more of TOM's *real Taste*, were very well satisfy'd

satisfy'd that he only went over to regale *himself* and his *Lady* with a *Dish* of Dutch NIGHTINGALES drest after the HOGAN MOGAN Fashion, after his Fatigue of *cooking* the PEACE UP. But to return to the LAST *Treaty*.—It is, it seems, doubted by *some* whether TOM was in the *Kitchen*, at the *cooking* up of *that*; but this I know, that whoever of *our Family* was concern'd in it, they had the D—l and all to do to keep some *others* from having a *Finger* in it, as will appear more fully in my next; for e'gad, COUSIN, as the Saying is, “The *Fat* was near being all in “the *Fire*.” Every one, truly, was for being COOKS. And if *two* or *three* *sharp* notable Fellows of *our Family* had

had
on
kins

LETTER VII. 71

had not bestirr'd themselves, Mercy
on all the *Pots, Pans,* and *Pip-*
kins!

And so, COUSIN,

your Humble Servant,

JOBSON.

LET.

[72]
LETTER IX.

DEAR COUSIN.

I Hope, by this Time, you begin to see the great *Sagacity* and *Wisdom* of our *Family* as to *POLITICS*, especially in that *singular* and *refined* Stroke of making the *last P—CE*, for which, *we* alone had the general Thanks of *EUROPE*; and indeed all the *POLITICAL States* were so pleas'd at our *Dexterity* and *Cunning*, that they could not help laughing in their Sleeves to think, how, for once, we had *nick'd* our *old Friends* of *FRANCE* and *SPAIN* in *that* Part of the *Game*, for which they are most remarkable at *Play*, and had fairly beat them at
their

LETTER IX. 73

their own Weapons. And it appears from some Papers lately found (as it is said) in the Cabinet of our *old, honest* Friend, Master MAUBERT, and which would have been publish'd in the *Brussels Gazette*, but by some Accident it miscarry'd, "That even
 " his HOLINESS *himself* was so
 " pleas'd, and struck with Admira-
 " tion at it, as that he had more than
 " once call'd A CONCLAVE to fix
 " upon a NUNCIO to send over with
 " his *Thanks and Congratulations* for
 " our placing the Quiet and Repose of
 " *all EUROPE* upon so firm and last-
 " ing a Basis as we did by the afore-
 " said *Treaty.*" And this, let me
 tell you, COUSIN, was a very sin-
 gular *Honour and Happiness* reserv'd

H only

74 L E T T E R IX.

only for *our Family*.—Away with
 your TENCINS and FLEURYS !
 your MAZARINES and RICHLIEUS ?
They would be asham'd (thro' their
 well known *Modesty*) to think of
 sitting down at the *Council-Table* with
us, and would be glad of the *Honour*
 to hold our *Hats* at the Outside of
 the Door, and listen with the most
 profound Silence and Veneration at
 our *amazing* Speeches and *cunning*
 Observations ; and now and then, by
 way of changing their Postures, would
 be glad to peep thro' the *Key-hole*,
 and see us shaking our *wise* Noddles,
 giving many significant and import-
 ant *Shrugs* at each other's *Wisdom* ;
 and laughing at the Folly of all Eu-
 ROPE. But as I was telling you,
 COUSIN,

LETTER IX. 75

COUSIN, in the Sequel of my last, whoever of *our Family* was concern'd in making the said *Treaty*, e'gad, they had enough to do to keep some *others* from having a *Finger* in it; For, as I was saying, "the *Fat* was "near being all in the *Fire*." You must know, COUSIN, that there were *two or three* odd Sort of *busy, meddling* Fellows, who were well known to be profest Enemies to our *wise and peaceful Family*, as we were allow'd to be the best PEACE-UP Makers whatever. We have a *particular RECEIPT* for *that Dish*. They well knew this, and therefore wanted to get it out of us. Their Mouths water'd confoundedly. They wanted much to have a *Lick* at it, as they

found how well the DISH was to be *spiced* and *seasoned*! No, no, COUSIN, hold you there! not so neither! *we* were too *cunning*, for them, with all their fly Tricks and Pretences. *We* knew as well as *they* did, that if we, once let them into the *Secret* of our COOKERY, e'gad, they had run away with not only the *Fame* of the RECEIPT, but also the best Part of the good *Spices* and *Seasonings*: and so, we had been finely trick'd by such SHARPERS, and the whole Blame would have fallen upon *us* for *our* bad Management; No, no, Coz. 'The COBLERS are no such Fools to be taken in so, whatever the World may please to say or think of us. We thought *we* could see as far into a
Mill-

LETTER IX. 77

Mill-Stone as *they*; and so we told them, that as we did not want, so we would have none of their Help; we accordingly agreed upon a *Signal* over Night at the *Steward's* Room, that, the next Day when they came into the *Kitchen*, upon one of us crying MUM, and another BUDGET, we should fall instantly upon them with the red-hot *Kitchen Poker*, *Salamander*, *Forks*, *Tongs*, &c; at which we play'd our Parts so successfully that we soon *sweated* them out of the *Kitchen*, and sent them away about their Business. There were several of them in the *Gang*: of which, that others may be cautious as well as our *Family*, it may not be amiss to say something, particularly of the *Principal* or *Ring-leader* of them, as it

78 L E T T E R IX.

will give them a *sufficient* SPECIMEN of *the rest*. But as, you are apt, you know, COUSIN, to be now and then a little *Muddle-headed* with your COUNTRY-OCTOBER, and dispos'd for a *Nap*, I would not be so rude to you, as a *certain fine Lady* in the Play of the *Plain-Dealer* is to our Nephew *Major Old-Fox* who by her *sweet, gentle Voice* makes the poor *Major* stare enough to lose both his Eyes; so pray, COUSIN, *snore* away till you receive my *next*, for the Benefit of your Health and the good of your CELLAR.—And am, with best wishes for the Improvement of *both*,

DEAR COZ.

yours faithfully,

JOBSON.

L E T-

LETTER X.

DEAR COUSIN,

HAVING by this Time, I suppose, pretty well remov'd by a *Nap*, the Cloud from your Intellects, occasion'd by the Fumes of your OCTOBER, look sharp and remember what I told you in my *last* LETTER. Observe the various shifting of the *Scenes*, as the PLAY goes on, the *Curtain* now going to be drawn up.—The *first* and *Ring-leader* of those *busy, meddling* Fellows there mentioned, was one WILL HAYES, a *Yeoman* of of KENT; a notorious Fellow for POLITICS from his Youth. As WILL abounded with *various Qualities,*

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ties, he was accordingly well-known by *various Names*. Sometimes he was called WILL PRIG, at other times BLOW-ME-DOWN WILL, sometimes WILL STIFF, and at other times WILL VARNISH. The Reasons for all these Names I will give you hereafter. This Fellow was clever, tho' not clever enough for *us*; but we mortally hated him, as he always was sure to oppose *our wise and useful Schemes*. He had *an Head* (they say) for any thing, but no *Feet*; for see him when you would, going to a GREAT HOUSE near *Westminster Abbey*; you might almost always see him carry'd there wrapt up in *Flannels*, occasion'd by the PODAGRA commonly called THE GOUT: and (as it has been whisper'd by the *Court-Physicians*)

LETTER X. 81

Physicians) was A JUDGMENT upon him for his *Schemes* and *Projects*, which he always took care to lay so deep, that GUY FAUX was a *Fool* to him, and he let so very few with him into his *Secrets*, as to make them always succeed ; so that he put it out of the Power of almost OLD-NICK himself to overturn them. At his first setting out in Life, the Fellow was always seen *blustering* and *parading* about in a *Red Coat*, a *Cockade* in his Hat, and a *Sword* by his Side, and our *Family* don't know how he manag'd, but some how or other, by Hook or by Crook, he got a *Post* in the ARMY, a *Pair of Colours*, a *Cornetcy*, or something of that Sort to make a Figure withal. But we are still more at a Loss to know how
the

the Fellow manag'd *again*. For he had not been in long, but for something that he either *said* or *did*, (as I observ'd before, he was always *busy* and *meddling*, being a little WRONG-HEADED at that Time, and as *stubborn* as a *Mule*, for he would have his own Way in every Thing.) He receiv'd a Message one Morning to give up his Post; WILL did not mind this, but went on, and said something more which gave great Offence to some of the *Heads* of our *Family*, so that we were forced to "wrest the STANDARD out of his Hands," which, you know Cousin PETER, is both a *sure* and *gentle* way to make a Man *resign*. As to WILL's *Parentage* there appears nothing very extraordinary; only that

LETTER X. 83

that while his *Mother* was with Child of him, she dream'd one Night that she was brought to Bed of *the Sign of the PHOENIX*. WILL was put to School early; being observ'd to be a Boy of forward Parts; I mean Cousin, for *Tricks* and *Roguery* as well as his *Book*, as plainly appears from a comical Method he us'd to take, to make his School-Fellows afraid of him, which was, by a most amazing Command he had of his *Posteriors*, by which Means he could F—T as *often*, as *long*, and as *loud* as he pleas'd. By this most surprizing Faculty, to the Wonder and Astonishment of all that were within the Circle of hearing, he ever afterwards retained the Nick-name of BLOW-ME-DOWN WILL. WILL's Parents took care
to

84 L E T T E R X.

to put him to as clever a *School-Mistress* as the whole Country at that Time afforded, one DAME JENNINGS, a *sharp, notable, cunning* old Jade as ever was known. WILL used to play many of his comical Tricks before her, which tickled the Old Woman so, being pleased with the Boy's Archness and Comicality, that she taught him a most dextrous Method of JUMPING OVER A STICK; an Art, in which, no one was ever known to excel him, even to *this* Day, as sufficiently appears by the *Rewards* he has since met with from his MASTER, for his Dexterity *peculiar to himself*, of A CAP and FEATHER, and *two or three* good SUGAR-PLUMBS, besides some large WIND-FALLS from *others* of AP-

PLES

PLES and PEARs, to make some good Cyder and Perry to wash them down withal. How he came by the *Nick-Name* of WILL PRIGG, which I had almost forgot to tell you, COUSIN, was owing to a certain *conceited, positive, dogmatical* Way he had of dictating to every one, as if nobody knew so well as himself. To be sure, as before observ'd, the Fellow had an HEAD, and a clever one too, and so had we. But take away *that* and the rest of his Body was not worth a Button; for every one knew that he was so weak he could not go or stand without *Help*: and it was only his HEAD that supported him at last. But *Self-Conceit* was his HOBBY-HORSE, as most People have one, you know COUSIN, and *opposing* and

laughing at him was *ours* : For we were fit to die with *Laughter* when we could persuade our MASTER that *he* was in the *wrong*, and *we* in the Right. This used to make WILL *fume* and *fret* forely.—Z—ds ! there was no bearing the STEWARD'S *Room* when this was the Case, which we to took care should be as often as we could, if it was only for the Fun of vexing and teasing him. The Fellow, when this happen'd, would swear, hector, bounce and fly about the *Room*, like the Bottles of *Small-Beer* and *Cyder* in the Cellar. The *Tables*, *Chairs*, *Glasses*, or any thing he could get at, were whizz'd about our Ears presently, and happy was he that could get out at the Door first. WILL, one Day upon a very
extraordinary

LETTER X. 87

extraordinary Occasion (being at that Time one of THE HEAD CLERKS); finding himself oppos'd in some Orders sent to us by our MASTER which were received from *abroad*, was exhibiting this *Scene*, and being in a terrible *Passion*, he hobbled out of the *Room* with his *Wig* on one Side, supported only by a *Crutch* and a *Stick*, with which he would get a Stroke at us as often as he could, and cry'd out "D—n you all, for a Parcel of FOOLS ;—(for you have not wit enough to be ROGUES.) Must I be thus eternally plagued in my Office, with such a Sett of Leaden-Headed, Paper-Scull'd, Coddle-Pated, COBBLING *Whelps* as you?" and be "responsible for Measures which I am not allow'd to guide?"

"No!

“ No ! you *Blockheadly Dogs* ! I’ll
“ go directly to my MASTER, and
“ this instant deliver up my KEYS
“ and SEALS, and tell him what a
“ fine pickle *he* and his *House* will
“ soon be in, if Matters are suffer’d
“ to go on thus.”—Now *this*, COU-
SIN, was what we wanted ; *this* was
high Fun to *us*, who could very well
bear all his Abuse, so long as we
could but get at the KEYS of the
CELLAR. We accordingly succeeded,
we got WILL OUT, and worm’d
ourselves IN: We took Possession
of the KEYS and SEALS, and then
were Masters of every thing :—Oh !
COUSIN PETER ! how your Mouth
would have water’d, and you would
have lick’d your Lips to have seen,
when we got into the CELLAR what
Wor!

LETTER X. 89

Work we made with our MASTER's fine *Parmesan-Cheese*, *Epping-Butter* and *French-Rowls*. *Frontiniac*, *Tokay*, *Cyprus*, and all the *best Wines* that were there ! E'gad ! we were so elated with our Success, and bumper'd it about so " to our KING and COUNTRY," that, like *Sir John* and his merry Companions in the *Provok'd Wife*, we all struck up in the Song, and concluded hic-coughing " we " are gayly yet," tho' some of us were so terribly cut that we tumbled with our Mazzards against the *Cocks* of the *Butts* and *Punchions*, to shew that we were still disposed to suck, and set them a running ; but others, luckily for us, being more HEADSTRONG, stopp'd the *Cocks*, and set all to rights. However before we went out of the CEL-

LAR that Night, we shook Hands and swore we would go to our MASTER the next Morning and tell him that, in consideration of our *great Services*, if he did not think fit to continue the KEYS and SEALS with us, and a REVERSIONARY GRANT of them to *one*, at least, if not *two* of our Sons in *each* Family, he might look after the CELLAR *himself*, as we were all of us there before him ready to *resign*; our MASTER was, at first, a little Thnnder-struck; but acting like a prudent Man, as he lov'd the Peace and Quietness of his *Family*, of *two* Evils he thought it the best to choose the *least*; so we accordingly *secured* ourselves. Now this, CousIN, was acting like COBLERS *indeed*

wh

which that *long-Headed* Fellow WILL quite *forgot*, for which we laugh'd at him sufficiently ; tipp'd *St. Paul's Doctrine* plump upon him, and told him that whatever COBLERS and WRONGHEADS we might be in the Opinion of *him* and his *Gang*, yet it plainly prov'd us to be no *Infidels*, for that, by this Stroke, “ we had sufficiently provided for *ourselves* and “ *Families.*” And now, COUSIN PETER, it is between eleven and twelve at Night, and however bright *you* and your *October* may be, I must confess that *I* am so stupid, dull, and muddle-headed, that I think it is high Time to take Wing with my wife *Cousin Margery* for the Regions of *Morpheus* ; and so I wish you a
good

good Night, as all Honest Folks
should *now* be in Bed ;

I am,

DEAR COZ,

yours, &c.

JOBSON.

LET.

LETTER XI.

DEAR COUSIN.

AS I told you in my last, that this *blustering, bouncing* Fellow WILL was the *Hero* and *Ring-leader* of the *Gang*, you must not wonder that he takes up so considerable a Part of *our* History : But for this we intend to be even with him ; for while he is *scheming* and *projecting terrible* Penalties against the *Monopolizers* and *Forestallers* of *Provisions*, (as I am very credibly informed he is) we intend to beat him at his own Weapons,
and

and try if we can't *turn the Tables* upon himself, by subjecting him to those *same Penalties for Monopolizing* so great a Part of *our History*, in which, *we*, otherwise, should cut so considerable a Figure, and yet *he himself* gains *no Credit* by it. But to proceed ! WILL, after he came from School, and began to grow up to Man's Estate, ran away from his Friends, and (as I before observ'd) *list'd* for a FOOT SOLDIER ; and we have such strange Accounts of his *surprizing Exploits*, during *peaceable Times*, that, as a famous *Writer* of the *last Century* observes,

“ *Delassare valent Fabium*”

that is, COUSIN PETER, “ it would
 “ do your Heart *good*, could you
 “ but

LETTER XI. 95

“ but hear them all;” but really
now I have not Time: for if I let
this Fellow thrust in his Head too
much in *our* History, we shall have
him run away with all the *Honour* of
it, and so what will become of *our*
great HERO and ORNAMENT of it,
the *wise* and *immortal* SIR FRANCIS,
compar’d with whom, WILL was
not worthy to wipe his Shoes.
WILL, whether he was tired of the
ARMY, or obliged to *resign*, as be-
fore observ’d, for something he *said*
or *did*, I will not be certain; but
being naturally of a *roving, restless*
disposition, he got his Discharge from
the Company, and turn’d his Head to-
wards the NAVY; and here again
we are at a loss to account for his
Management and Dexterity: for in
this

this *Department* particularly, *most*, even of the *best* Figure and Family, go in first of all as only *Midshipmen*; but *he*, at one Slap, got himself enter'd *before the Mast* in the good Ship the BRITANNIA, under that old, brave, and worthy Commander, GEORGE KING, Esq; and here again, by many and surprizing Turns of Fortune and himself together, he, afterwards, it seems, became PILOT to the said SHIP. WILL, in the mean Time, did not forget to *play his Tricks*, as usual, by which he put the whole Ship's *Company* into Confusion: to shew, I suppose, that none of them was able to TRIM her so well as *himself*.—But some Years before this, WILL's old *School-Mistress*, GOODY JENNINGS, dyed, and left him an
handsome

LETTER XI. 97

handsome *Legacy*; of which, Cousin, I shall speak more particularly in a future LETTER. When WILL had taken his *Birth* in the *Ship*, he used to surprize the *Crew* with his usual Faculty which he had from a Boy, as before observ'd, of F--RT--NG in the *Steerage*, which had a most wonderful Effect, it seems, upon all the *Cabin-Boys*: WILL at length got to be PILOT, because he wanted to *steer* the *Ship* to any point of the Compass he pleas'd; and while he was *steering*, he play'd many of his comical Tricks as usual; and carry'd her over to *Holland*, and employ'd the Men in killing *Frogs*, and afterwards perswaded them that they were got into *North-America*;—Here he

VOL. I.

K

clapp'd

98 L E T T E R X I.

clapp'd the Crew on their Backs, spit
in their *Mouths*, and under Pretence
that *steering* was dry Work, got a *sixth*
Part of the Ship's Beer for his own
Drinking; One Day as WILL was
on Shore, he took it into his Head to
go and dine with the MAYOR of the
Town, and made the *Mob* that was
huzzaing and hollowing after him,
believe he was the GRAND SEIGNIOR.
As the D—g was ingenious, he had
invented a comical Device of taking
AN AUTOMATON with him, that is,
COUSIN, “ a little *Image* which he
“ had fix'd upon his Shoulder, that
“ *mov'd of itself* by *Springs* and
“ *Wires*, to pull off his *Hat* to the
“ People as he pass'd along thro' the
“ Streets,” which sav'd WILL the
Trouble,

Trouble, while he now and then vouchsafed to look at them, and hence he got the *Nick-Name* of WILL STIFF. WILL, being at his old Tricks, try'd to cajole *some* of our *Family* who were Part of the Crew, and accordingly persuaded Gimblet-eyed JACK, the Swabber, to throw Dirt in the Captain's *Hat*, for which WILL got well paid, and JACK afterwards received *three Dozen and nine* in the *Gang-way*. WILL after this, pretended he was *tired*, and could steer the Ship no longer, and so managed Matters as to get a large Share of PRIZE Money, while the greatest Part of the *Ship's Crew* were out of Pocket ; Accordingly, it seems a Variety of *Hands* succeeded him in the

Management of the *Steerage*, while he was laughing in his Sleeve at the Danger the Ship was continually in on Account of their Ignorance. In the mean Time WILL got another, much larger, *Legacy* from another OLD WOMAN, down in the *West* of England; because she had heard that he was a *funny* Fellow and play'd Tricks, of which the *old Gentlewoman* honestly confess'd she did not understand the Meaning, but had a very high Opinion of his Parts. Matters went on so strangely, after this, that WILL contrived to get into the *Steerage* again, and while GEORGE GRINWELL was entertaining the Crew with "*Gentle Shepherd tell me where*" upon the *Groaning-Post*.

WILL

L E T T E R XI. 107

WILL very dextrously tipp'd them AN HORNPIPE, tho' at the same Time he had got *kibed Heels*, and afterwards f—t—d so long in the *Steerage* that, to the Admiration of the whole Company, he never once made Use of his *Crutches*. Soon after this, there was a d——d Hurly-Burly in the *Ship* about the Mis-management of the *Stores*; to clear up which, and set all to rights, WILL came into the *Steerage* in the Midst of the Bustle, and let such a rousing —— as lasted near THREE Hours, at the *Length* and *Loudness* of which, the whole *Ship's Crew* were so astonish'd, that they all agreed, and said, it was impossible for him to f—t so long and loud, without —— his Breeches.

WILL's *trumpeting* thus long and rather loud was *mal à propos*; for poor GEORGE GRINWELL's *Nostrils* were so affected by it, as that he *fainted* away and let go the *Helm*. WILL seeing him in *this* Situation, and the *Ship* at the same Time running upon the Sands call'd THE BISHOP and CLERKS, laugh'd ready to split his *Gig*, to think how *the whole Ship's Company would be sous'd*, tho' in the the mean while he forgot that he could not swim *himself*. Into what an *excellent* and *advantageous* Situation WILL brought our MASTER's Affairs at *that* Time, as it would justly be thought by our Enemies *invidious* in me to say, so I will avoid
the

LETTER XI. 103

the Imputation of their *Envy*, by
concluding myself,

DEAR PETER,

your Loving Cousin,

JOBSON.

LET-

LETTER XII.

DEAR COZ,

HAVING brought our mortal Enemy and Rival, WILL, thus far, and consider'd his *civil, modest, and humble* Deportment before and after he became PILOT of our *Ship*, thro' all his Variety of Feats; of *Swearing, Bullying, Coaxing, Hectoring* and F—RT—G; and having just mention'd in my last how he got *two Legacies* left to him for his surprizing Faculty and Power that he had in the *last* of those Feats: the first Legacy being left by his *old School-Mistress* DAME JENNINGS, and the other by
another

LETTER XII. 105

another *old Woman* down in the *West of England*, both whom by the bye, COUSIN, were look'd upon by those of *our Family* who knew them extremely well, to be quite *crazy* and *delirious*; I promis'd, if you remember, to be a little more particular in regard to the *first* of the above-mention'd *Legacies*; And now then, PETER, to be as good as my Word, as I don't doubt but you'll be very anxious to know how it came to pass that *this Fellow* should have such extraordinary Notice taken of *him* in Preference to *our Family* who were much more eminent than *himself* in POLITICS, and *every Thing* else, as is well known and confes'd, even by our most *inveterate* Enemies; But to proceed,—WILL's *Itch* for POLITICS

and *playing Tricks* together, made him so talk'd of, as that the *first* crazy *old Woman*, who was well known always to have much more *Money* than *Wit*, could not help shewing her *Wisdom* by leaving *WILL* a *Legacy* of TEN THOUSAND Pounds.— This, with what little he had before, set him quite *Cock-a-Whoop!* Z—ds! the Fellow did not know where his A—E hung; *WILL* swagger'd and splutter'd (with his Cheeks blown up like a Trumpeter's) in every Body's Face when he spoke. He spit in his Hands, pull'd up his Breeches, and strutted along the Streets with his Arms a kimbo, throwing his Legs about in such a Manner, as that no one's Shins were safe that came within *twenty Yards* of him. The *old Woman*,

Woman, just before her Departure,
 sent for WILL, and spoke to him as
 follows, “ WILL, said she, “ I un-
 “ derstand you begin to to be a *rare*
 “ Boy for POLITICS, which, you
 “ know, was always my *favourite*
 “ Study ; I have constantly en-
 “ deavoured, as is well known, to
 “ keep those WRONG-HEADED *Boo-*
 “ *bies*, the *Family* of the COBLERS
 “ out of Play, who have always
 “ been such profest Enemies to *me*
 “ and my dear DUKE, especially as
 “ to the Article of PLUMB-PUD-
 “ DING” (for you must know COU-
 SIN PETER, the *Duke* was particu-
 larly fond of *all* Kinds of PUDDING,
 especially ORANGE and PLUMB-
 Puddings and DUTCH CLINKERS,
 commonly called in the County of
 Norfolk,

Norfolk, A TOAD IN AN HOLE.—)

“ And since I have as great an Opini-
 “ on of your HEAD, as I am
 “ thoroughly fatisfy’d of the *Honesty*
 “ and *unbias’d Integrity* of your
 “ HEART, I leave you a *Legacy*
 “ of TEN THOUSAND Pounds, as a
 “ *small* Mark of my Esteem, hoping
 “ that you will always keep THE
 “ NUMB-SCULLS to Order, and
 “ counter-work all their blundering
 “ Schemes and Designs.—You see,
 “ WILL, I am not long for *this*
 “ World, but am going the way of
 “ all Flesh as fast as possible. I
 “ strictly charge you therefore to do
 “ what I have told you on my *Death-*
 “ *bed*, and so I leave you my Bles-
 “ sings, “ that, may the *Gout*,
 “ *Stone*, *Rheumatism*, and all the
 “ Ails

LETTER XII. 109

“ Ails and Pains incident to Mortality,
 “ continually torture your
 “ *Body* for the Good of your *Soul* if
 “ you neglect this Advice! and remember *one* Thing, which my dear
 “ DUKE and I always took Care to
 “ practice; and as you understand a
 “ little *Latin* they tell me, I give it
 “ you *so*, that others may not easily
 “ get the *Secret* from you,
 “ *Nulli homocharioreftquam, SIBI;*”

That is, COUSIN, according to *my*
 Dictionary which, I am told, is the
 best Edition,

“ Let the *whole World* go to the
 “ D—L, do *you* but take care of
 “ YOURSELF;”

“ And so, right trusty, and well-be-
 “ loved Cousin WILLIAM! fare you
 “ well!”—WILL stood shaking and

VOL I. L trembling

110 L E T T E R XII.

trembling by the Bedside, and promis'd the OLD WOMAN very fair. But how he kept his Word, COUSIN, and some other Particulars, shall be the subject of my *next* LETTER;

And am,

yours, &c.

JOBSON.

L E T.

LETTER XIII.

DEAR COUSIN,

HAVING in my former Letter perform'd my Promise of being particular as to WILL's *first* Legacy left to him by his *old School-Mistress* DAME JENNINGS, the *Manner* of her leaving it attended with her *Blessing*, together with her prudent *Memento* which she whisper'd in his Ear (in *Latin*) as he kneel'd down by the Bedside, that she might not be overheard, or at least, so well understood by those that were about her, and WILL's Behaviour consequent there-

L 2

upon,

112 L E T T E R XIII.

upon, I shall now proceed to make good my Word as to some *other* Particulars in regard to WILL's Conduct.—WILL, as before observed, promis'd the *old Woman* very fair, but prov'd afterwards by his Actions, that he had forgot half his Memory, and so, neglected her good and wholesome Advice. For he no sooner got into any PLACE, but from a *strange out of the way* Behaviour, like an old *Roman*, or *Spartan*, or some such *Outlandish Monster*, drew not only the Eyes, but also the Astonishment of every one upon him: † As for Instance, COUSIN PETER; when

† Tho' my Friend JOHNSON does by no Means approve of many Particulars of WILL's Conduct, during his *Administration*, and *since* that Time

he

LETTER XIII. 113

he had *rais'd the Wind* so in the Steward's Room (commonly call'd * * * * from whence he has got it seems, all that he has) that it was thought proper by our MASTER to make him *Purse-Bearer* to THE ARMY, it was observ'd, that he was *so well skill'd* in one of the four Rules of Arithmetic, as that he *forgot* deducting SIXPENCE in the Pound for *prompt Payment*. Our Family could not help laughing at this *Blunder*, and told his MASTER what a fine Fellow of a *Banker* he had appointed especially, yet his *Impartiality* appears here, in paying him an *indirect Compliment* which reflects no small Lustre upon his Character at that Time. An Example, well worthy of Imitation by many of our *Modern Writers*, towards constituting their Characters, as *Faithful and Impartial* Historians.

TOM CUCUMBER of *Covent-Garden*.

for the Payment of his *Forces*, who did not know (what every School Boy did) the common Rule of *Subtraction*. You don't wonder, Cousin, that as we thought him such a *blundering* Booby, we were always glad to get a *Pluck* at him (as he was always known to be *our* most inveterate Enemy, and consequently *we* the same to *him*, dreading him as our *Rival*) and to represent him to our MASTER, as *one*, who was continually undoing all that *we* did, and projecting such Things as we well knew would tend to our *Credit* and *Interest* and HIS OWN *Shame* and *Disgrace*. I have before observ'd, Cousin, if you remember, what a *busy meddling* Fellow WILL always was: For whenever *we* were taking care
of

LETTER XIII. 115

our MASTER's Affairs in *the Steward's Room* to see that they went on *smoothly*, he was sure to oppose us, do or say what we would; and notwithstanding we had got all THE TRIMMERS on *our* Side, yet *he* and his *Gang* (the principal of whom with WILL, were two *Cousins* of his, LORD,—and the afore said GEORGE GRINWELL, JEMMY TWITCHER, and a *busy prying* young Prig, one CHARLES STEADY, but more commonly, tho' I think very falsely and slanderously, call'd CHARLES WEATHERCOCK) were always endeavouring to *over-haul* us.—As WILL apply'd so close to POLITICS, after he had resign'd his *Post* in the ARMY, which (as before observ'd) was always well known to be *our* MASTER-

116 LETTER XIII.

STER-PIECE, and for which we always stood eminently distinguish'd, it was Natural enough for us, you know, COUSIN, to have a Mortal Hatred and Aversion to him, and to have as great an Antipathy to each other as the *Elephant* and *Rhinoceros*; when we met *him* or any of his *Gang* in the *Steward's* Room, we used to speak civilly, shake Hands, and grin on both Sides, tho' at the same Time we hated each other most confoundedly, as it is usual, it seems, with all *true-bred* Men commonly call'd COURTIERs; Our MASTER had always a BAILIFF or OVERSEER in his *House* (as all wise and prudent Masters should have) to see how his *Servants* minded their Business, and to keep them TO ORDER. One
of

of our Family used to compare him, in his *arch, wise Way*, to a *Clock*, and call him THE REGULATOR; WILL was *trumpeting* one Day, as usual, and being a little *hot-headed* when he came into the *Steward's Room*; he was Civilly admonish'd by one of our Family, that if he continued to be so *stropulous* and noisy at —, he should speak to the *Regulator*. WILL being very warm at his *Trumpet*, said, “ha! what! the
“ *Regulator*! D——n your *Regu-*
“ *lators*! I will be *regulated* by No-
“ body, I will be as *long* and as *loud*
“ as I please. I have got a *WATCH*
“ in my *Pocket* that corrects the *Sun*
“ itself. I want none of your
“ *Clocks* and *Regulators*, I will be
“ my

118 LETTER XIII.

“ *my own Regulator.* And as for
 “ you | MR. CONUNDRUM ! of the
 “ *wise, ancient, and honourable Fa-*
 “ *mily* of THE COBLERS ! I shall
 “ speak to my MASTER, the very
 “ first Time I find him alone, to get
 “ you remov’d UP STAIRS with a
 “ *Title* at your — of Duke of
 “ JAMAICA or BARBADOES, and
 “ then you’ll be as RUM a Duke as
 “ any of them ; what signifies your
 “ pretending to *splutter* and gobble
 “ away here to shew your *Wisdom* ?
 “ You had better by Half go over
 “ and look after your WOOLEY-
 “ pated, COPPER-faced Boys abroad
 “ and set them to Work in preparing
 “ such a Number of TURTLES and
 “ SUGAR-CANES to make your con-
 “ *fectionary*

L E T T E R XIII. 119

“ *fectionary* Ware at the next *Fro-*
 “ *lick* you intend for your wife Bro-
 “ ther-TURTLE-Eaters, the ALD--N
 “ and C—NC—L in the C—Y, as
 “ may do you *some* Credit, for it is
 “ well known that the *Feast* which
 “ you made for them some Years
 “ ago, did *not* get you any at all; so
 “ *Cockey!* do *you* sit down and be
 “ quiet!” Thus, COUSIN PETER,
 did this strange, turbulent, overbear-
 ing Fellow behave in general to all
 those that in the least oppos’d him,
 especially to *our* quiet, *peaceable*, and
harmless Family. I think I have al-
 ready observ’d, that WILL’S *Head*
 has made him universally allow’d to
 be clever, too clever indeed, COU-
 SIN, as *our* Family wisely think (for
 we

we love, you know a *plain, plodding* Way) that he should last long, as some old *Grecian* very justly remarks, "That

" *Quos JUPITER vult perdere, prius dementat.*"

That is, COUSIN,

" When a Man has got to the *Pinnacle* of FAME and GREATNESS,
 " 'tis ten to one but his Friend OLD
 " N—K owes him a Grudge, so he
 " turns his *Brain*, and down he goes."

How he has been able to stand it
thus long, is most amazing to our
shrewd and sensible Family; but *we* think
 that we can very easily foretell, (and
that without the Spirit of *Prophecy*)
 that

LETTER XIII. 121

that e'er long WILL's HEAD or his
FEET *must* certainly be his *Downfall*
at last.——

And am,

DEAR COZ.

yours, &c.

JOBSON.

M LET-

LETTER XIV.

DEAR COUSIN.

AS you have heard in *former* LETTERS sufficiently what a *busy, meddling, turbulent, and over-bearing* Fellow WILL was, especially to any of *our Family*, as plainly appear'd in my *last*, in the Case of our *Cousin* WILL CONUNDRUM, (for he serv'd us all alike). You will the less wonder that he should sometimes strike us all in *the Room* with an universal Panic, and even our MASTER himself. However there was *one* or *two*, that were determin'd the very first Opportunity

L E T T E R X I V . 123

portunity to have a *Touch* at him, in order to take him down a little, *seeing* what *Tricks* and *Schemes* he was after. And it is not a great while ago, COUSIN, since there was likely to be the D——l to pay about a Scuffle in the *Steward's Room* between WILL and *one*, who said, or at least pretended, he would always stand up for us; but we soon found this *R—gue* to be as arrant a *Cheat* and *Impostor* as ever disgraced our *wise* and *honourable Family*. This was CHARLES WEATHERCOCK (as his *Enemies* call him) but *our Family* much more properly, I am sure, CHARLES STEADY. The Case was, as follows, COUSIN, and occasion'd very high Words between them, nay, they *bluster'd* and *swore* so, and talked of *cutting*

124 LETTER XIV.

Throats, that had not some of *our* peaceable *Family* very prudently and seasonably interpos'd, a *Duel* most certainly had been the terrible Consequence of this *very weighty* and *important* Affair. WILL, it seems, had AN HAT one Day sent Home, for which *our Family*, with their usual *Wit* and *Smartness*, used to jeer at him, by calling it THE OLIVERIAN, from its *broad Brim* and *deep Crown*, (deep enough indeed, COUSIN, for a *Close St—l*) and therefore might well be big enough to give *Umbrage* to CHARLES. CHARLES wanted to get a Peep at it, thinking that if he could but once get it to clap on his Head, he should be upon a par with WILL, and able to talk to him a little; accordingly he apply'd to a *noted*

CON-

LETTER XIV. 125

CONJURER, to raise by his *Magic Art* the *Ghost* of WILLIAM PENN, who stole slyly into WILL's Closet, and found THE HAT lying on *Machiavel's Art of POLITICS*: when taking it up, to his great Surprise, found A SUGAR-LOAF under it, with the *Word* AMERICA upon it in large blue Letters. The *Ghost* strait vanish'd with it to CHARLES's, which trying to put on, and finding it too large (being an excellent Hand at TRIMMING) he so cut it away, that WILL did not know it again. This sly Trick of CHARLES's offended WILL most terribly, and put him into such another Fit of Passion, as mentioned in a *former* LETTER, that there was no such Thing as any of

the Servants staying in the Room with him for fear of a broken Head, Leg, or an Arm. Every thing that he could pick up about him, *Crutches, Sticks, Books, Glasses, &c.* flew about their Ears as thick as Hail (for he luckily, to vent his Rage, had the Use of his *Hands*, tho' not his *Feet*, being at that Time miserably tortured again with the OLD WOMAN's *judgment* upon him ;) blefs me! COUSIN, how he did rage and storm! and swore, " the first Time he met
 " with that *impudent* young *Prig*
 " and *sneaking Puppy* CHARLES, he
 " would do his Business for him most
 " effectually, either by *putting a*
 " *Gag* into his Mouth, or else *cut-*
 " *ting his Throat*, for acting in this
 " low,

LETTER XIV. 127

“ *low, filching* Manner, to get away
 “ his HEAD-PIECE.” However,
 the *Ghost* found Means to convey away
 THE HAT, and was seen hovering
 over the Water-side at *Deptford*,
 where some *American* Transports were
 lying for the first fair Wind ; and the
 Captain having THE HAT safe, was
 charg’d to shew *them*, as soon as he
 got over, the *breadth* and *depth* of
 that *wonderful* HEAD which had so
 extricated them from all their Fears of
 THE ST—MP ACT, as to put it out
 of the Power of any *Taylor* in AME-
 RICA or ENGLAND to make Pockets
 large enough to hold all the GOLD
 and SILVER BOXES. —. Indeed,
 COUSIN, I am not able to tell you of
 a *thousandth* Part of the Tricks this
 Fellow WILL has play’d since he has
 been

been IN and OUT, to the no small *Diversion* and *Emolument* of himself and his *Gang*, and to our no less Vexation and Surprize. In short, what by his TURNING, when confin'd by the *Gout*, first on ONE Side, and then on the OTHER; then again, you would see him *flat* on his *Back* with his Mouth wide open to take in *fresh Air* and catch FLIES or any thing that offer'd; and than on his *Belly* to keep the *Wind* in and whatever he had got; and what by his —, when he began to get to the Use of his *Crutches* and *Stick* again, he has so manag'd Matters, 'tis said, that he begins now to comfort himself with the Thoughts of being

“ *Plenus Famæ et Honorum,*”

“ *Et aliquantulum BONORUM.*”

That

LETTER XIV. 129

That is, COUSIN,

“ Of *Fame* and *Honours* full enough !

“ And *somewhat* LITTLE of *that*
STUFF !”

I think it is high Time now to *begin*
to make an End of him, which I most
certainly *will* do, and that, very
shortly too, dead or alive, what-
ever becomes of me for doing it,
whether I am to be *Hanged*, *Be-*
headed, or *Canoniz'd* for so *meritori-*
ous a Piece of *Service* to THE PUBLIC.
But before I do this, I shall give you
another NANNY-GOAT or two about
him, before he makes his EXIT ;
and then *honest* WILL ! farewell !
old Friends *must* part ! and as you
know, COUSIN, “ Every *Dog* has
his *Day*,” so I hope, after we have
dispatch'd

130 LETTER XIV.

dispatch'd him, that our *wise, ancient,*
and *honourable* FAMILY will, for
their deserv'd Services, have *theirs*
too ;

And am,

DEAR PETER,

your Loving Cousin,

JOBSON.

LET-

LETTER XV.

DEAR COZ,

AS WILL, you see, had been used to have his Way in every Thing, from a *Despotical* Notion which he had always imbibed from his Youth, when strutting about in the ARMY, and walking the Quarter-Deck in the NAVY, he had reigned in the *Steward's Room* LORD PARAMOUNT for some Time, and thought himself bigger than A NABOB; there were some *few* now and then would have a *Stroke* at him, but no one so effectually mortified and chagrined him as his *old Friend* CHARLES WEATHER-COCK

COCK, as appears by the *Trick* he played WILL in the *last* LETTER. CHARLES was thought to be a very bold Fellow for this *Trick*, and much talked of as a Man of Consequence both in TOWN and COUNTRY, for his presuming even to *nibble* at THE MAN-MOUNTAIN in this *tender* Part, his HEAD-PIECE,—However,—as WILL had, long before this, pretty well established his *Fame*, in *three* Parts of the World out of the *four*, he was satisfied that he was, at least equal to, if not more than a Match for all his Antagonists, commonly called the GROWLERS, and as W—s and R—s have generally, you know, PETER, the best Luck, an Affair accidentally started up, which gave WILL Occasion to blow the Trumpet of his
FAME

LETTER XV. 133

FAME in the *fourth* Quarter of the World, commonly called AMERICA. You must know COUSIN, there had been for some Time past, sad Complaints made by a certain good OLD LADY of her *ill State of Health*, ever since she was TWENTY Years of Age; having made pretty free with her Constitution, “ she had labour’d a “ long Time, under a Variety of “ Disorders; “ and been lavish of her “ Health and Strength,” but those that chiefly affected her, were *Wind* in her Bowels, with constant *Gripings*, and *Cholics*, an *Asthma*, and the DROPSY. The poor old Woman would *wheeze* so as she went along, that you might hear her at the Distance of two or three Rooms off.— There were some *graceless* Fellows

VOL. I.

N

about

about her, who thro' a Pretence of being very officious in drawing a Chair and helping her to repose herself upon the Couch, would be every now and then taking the Advantage of her Infirmities, by *squeezing, pinching, and letting her down* so as almost to break her Back; and as the *poor old Soul* had (by *bad Usage*) almost lost all her Faculties of *Sight, Hearing, and Feeling*, by way of taking the more Care of her as *they* pretended, *one* would take her up in his Arms, while another *pick'd* her *Pockets* of many a good *Sugar-Plumb* and *Carroway Comfits*; and when they had got her to the Couch, and thought she was asleep, would leave her, and grin at one another to think how they had *fleec'd* her; for as they used

to

LETTER XV. 135

to say amongst themselves,—“ P—x
 “ take the *old Jade* ! if we can but
 “ keep up her crazy Constitution
 “ during *our* Time, and we’ll try
 “ hard for it, if we consult all the
 “ Physicians *abroad* as well as at
 “ *Home* : our Business is done ; then
 “ let her die and be d——d if she
 “ will !” They were making them-
 selves very merry one Day after Din-
 ner in a *Room* close to the *Steward’s*,
 over some *Burgundy*, *Champagne*, and
 other Wines from *abroad*, (for they
 hated any of the old Woman’s MADE
 WINES, pretending that she made
 them so *strong* and *physical*, by put-
 ting in so much *HIERA-PICRA*, that
 they were always going to a *certain*
House, and so retarded their MA-
 STER’S *Business*, tho’ they were al-
 ways

136 LETTER XV.

ways sure to take Care, to *do their own*) I say, COUSIN PETER, they were thus **Regaling** themselves, bumpering it about with, “ Success to
 “ themselves?” and “ Confusion to
 “ all the COBLERS and WRONG-
 “ HEADS in the Kingdom! (but I think here they were more merry than
 wife) when *two or three of our Family* happen’d to be in the *Steward’s*
 Room, and over-hearing the *last*
 Toast, began to prick up their Ears
 and listen, as they were now growing
 mellow and noisy, and talking of
 the *old Woman’s* Health being much
 upon the Decline, and repeating what
 they had said about her. Upon this
 our *Cousins* thought it high Time she
 should be made acquainted with the
 Behaviour of her CUP-BEARD *Lovers*.

Accordingly

L E T T E R XV. 137

Accordingly they went and told her what had pass'd, at which the *old Lady* shook her Head and crying, said " Ah ! the Lord help her ! but " that if her dear Son GEORGE did " but know how they used her, in " drinking up her *Juleps* and *Cor-* " *dials*, and *picking her Pockets* " whilst her *Lethargy* prevailed, " she was sure that he would by no " means suffer it. She was very " sensible, she said, that in *her* Condi- " tion, she could not, to all Appear- " ance, hold out many Years longer, " being troubled with such a *Compli-* " *cation* of Disorders, especially THE " DROPSY, which she found made " her *Body* by far too big for her " *Head*; and that unless her dear " Son's *Physicians*, could, at their

138 LETTER XV.

“ Consultations, propose WAYS and
 “ MEANS to supply those MONSTROUS
 “ *Discharges* and *Evacuations* brought
 “ upon her by those terrible *Twitch-*
 “ *ings*, *Gripings*, and *Pinches* that
 “ she suffered every Year, it was
 “ impossible for her to hold out a
 “ great while; she said, as to her
 “ own Part, she could think but of
 “ one Thing that could possibly keep
 “ her from going, which was, for
 “ the *Physicians* to contrive to get
 “ SPONGE enough into her *Body* to
 “ suck up the DROPSY; for their
 “ TAPPING her made her only fill
 “ the more; besides she continually
 “ found such eternal Jarrings and
 “ Grumblings between her BELLY
 “ and MEMBERS, that if they did
 “ not call in DR. CORNELIUS AGRIP-

“ PA,

LETTER XV. 139

“ PA, to compose the UPPER and
 “ LOWER Regions, she must go
 “ much sooner than might be thought,
 “ as it gave her two *grand Enemies*,
 “ THE ASTHMA and DROPSY, such
 “ an Advantage over her; so that
 “ what with their TAPPING and
 “ BLEEDING with *Leeches*, CUP-
 “ PING and BLISTERING, FOMEN-
 “ TATIONS and CLYSTERING, the
 “ *Lord* have Mercy upon her! it
 “ was enough to kill the D—l him-
 “ self, if his *Heart* was made of
 “ OAK ten Times stouter than BRIT-
 “ TISH! But *dear TOM!* (speaking
 “ to our *Cousin DUNDERHEAD* as he
 “ sat by the Bed-side and pressing his
 “ Hand) “ For *God’s* sake! nay for
 “ your own *Families!* and all my
 “ *Children’s!* see what can be done
 “ for

“ for me ! for if I go on *thus* much

“ longer, whatever the *Physicians*

“ please to say or think of me,

“ *facta est Alea !*”

“ And so farewell ; (that is, COUSIN
PETER,

“ ’Tis all over !” —

“ Snap goes the *Rope* and down drops
DIDO !”) —

“ Foralafs ! she said, she had no Friend

“ that would make *her* Interest *his*

“ *own !*” Our Family, COZ. as WRONG-

HEADED as they were, had yet *Scull*

enough to take the Hint, and went

directly and told our MASTER, as well

from their real and sincere Regard to

her, as their Love and Duty to *him*; —

his Duty and Affection for the good

old Lady, were too well known to

suffer this Usage to be long conceal’d;

he accordingly gave Orders imme-

diately for the aforefaid High-German

DR.

LETTER XV. 141

DR. CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, (tho' our Family used to call him THE AMERICAN Doct^r for his being so very fond of *American* PLANTS) who with his Tricks in *Pharmacy* and in the *Occult Sciences* had got much in- to our MASTER's Favour, to be call'd in to the *old Lady's* assistance, to set her once more upon her Legs, by not only overlooking her *Medicines*, but also, keeping the *Keys* of the *Closet*, and administering them with *his own* Hands, or *such* as he thought most proper.

In the midst of these Fears and Apprehensions about the OLD LADY's Recovery, there was a very ugly Af- fair happened in the *Steward's Room*, that did not seem to conduce much towards

towards it, for as most People, *old Folks* especially, love to be calm and quiet, so any little Ruffling throws them back again: by which Means, frequent *Relapses* make a *Case* very dangerous! you must know, Coz, there began to be a strange Noise and Hubbub about the *Bills* for the OLD LADY'S *Medicines* and *Surgeon's Work* for some considerable Time past, being still left unpaid; the *Chymists*, *Druggists*, *Apothecaries*, and *Surgeons* were all swearing, “ that they were “ just going to *break* !” seeing they could get no Money of THE PHYSICIANS: and said “ it was a d—d, “ sham eful scandalous Thing, for “ Gentlemen of *their* Faculty, who “ got their Bread by the Sweat of “ their Brow at the *Pestle* and *Mor-*
“ *tar*,

LETTER XV. 143

“ *tar, and probing Wounds,*” (which as to *the old Woman’s*, they all swore it was like *the bottomless Pit*, for with all their *Probes* tied one to another they could never get to the Bottom of it) “ should be used in that Manner!” “ that they did not understand working so for GREAT FOLKS! for that their *Bills* were much more punctually and honestly paid, without any *Deductions*, by the *middling and lower Sort* of People! and d—n it! they might as well be *hanged as starved!* but they would bear it no longer! for they had all joined, unless they could soon get a little Money, to *clap a WRIT upon the old Woman’s Back*, and that they would get their old trusty Friend SIR

“ BULL

: 144 L E T T E R X V .

“ BULL-FACE DOUBLE-FEE to serve
“ it.”

THE PHYSICIANS, in return, (by
way of a cooling *Julep* for their Over-
flow of *Bile*) “ d—d them all for a
“ Parcel of *ungrateful clamorous Ras-*
“ *cals!*” “ that they had forgot how
“ *many* and *long* Bills had already
“ been paid off, and therefore they
“ should consider what it was to have
“ GREAT FOLKS for their *Patients!*”
“ that tho’ they were *now and then*
“ a *little* slow in paying their Bills,
“ yet they were sure to make *ample*
“ Amends, by paying *double* and *tre-*
“ *ble* Interest, WHENEVER they *were*
“ paid!” “ That for their own Sakes,
“ therefore they advised them to be
“ quiet, keep their Church constant-
“ ly,

LETTER XV. 145

ly, especially on *Sundays*, and frequently to read a Chapter in the *Book* of *JOB*, (if ever they had heard of such a Person) which would teach them a *Virtue* they had long and much wanted." And that if they did *not* be quiet, all their *Album Græcum*, with the whole *Farrago* of the *Pestle* and *Mortar*," (that is, *Coz*, all their *good Stuff*) "should be returned upon their Hands again: for they found on their Visits to the OLD LADY, that above *three* Parts in *four* of the *Bottles*, *Bolus's*, *Clysters*, and *Gally-Pots*, that were sent in for her Use and Benefit, were either NOT administered by *Those* about her, from her slow Amendment, or else were thrown out of the

Vol. I. O " *Window*,

“ *Window*, and the Monies that were
 “ sent at various Times to pay off her
 “ *Bills*, fell (as they were told) thro’
 “ a *Trap-Door* into *Places* as dark
 “ and *insatiable* as H—L itself!”

The above Particulars they thought
 sufficient to satisfy any reasonable
 People; but moreover they told them,
 “ that (by way of giving them a
full Cup of Consolation) they could
 get no Money for *themselves*, for
new Equipages and *Liveries* against
 a *Birth-Day*, or to go to C—R—T
 on any *extraordinary* Occasion.”—
 In Order therefore to quiet a little
 this strange Hurly-Burly about the
old Woman’s Bills being paid off,
 which began to make a Noise ABROAD
 as well as *at Home*, it was thought
 proper

proper to consult about it in the *Steward's* Room forthwith ; accordingly a great *Number* of her grave and wife *Physicians* began to be fully of Opinion, nay ! they said, at first it was quite a clear Case, “ that her *Children* ABROAD, who, tho’ they were a little *Sun-burnt*, and *Copper-complexion’d*, began now to be brave, stout, sturdy Boys, should maintain *themselves*, and so (in a negative Sense ;) bear *their* Part in helping to pay off their good MOTHER’s Bills, whose *Milk* they had so long and plentifully *suck’d* ; and this they very learnedly argued to be but a Point of *Decency* as well as *Duty*. Disputes COUSIN PETER, ran very high, and for some considerable Time ; in the midst of which, in comes BLOW-ME-

148 L E T T E R XV.

DOWN WILL again, according to his usual Custom of encreasing the Riot, in Order to shew *his own* Importance, and let such an amazing long — again, as, was I to attempt to catch it, and give you, at present, even a *third* Part of it, both our *Heads* would be blown off; and so as the best Way for us, is to sleep safe in an whole Skin, I shall defer giving you, and that but a *very small* Part of it, (for fear of its Consequences) to my next. —

I am,

DEAR PETER,

Your very Loving Cousin,

JOBSON.

L E T -

LETTER XVI.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Was in great Hopes, long before now, as I hinted in a former Letter, to have done with this busy, turbulent Fellow, BLOW-ME-DOWN WILL, but the Affair of the *old Woman's* ill State of Health in my last, has brought him upon the *Tapis* once more;—I am afraid, Coz, that the Length of my last Letter has trespass'd more than a little upon the Strength of your *Intellects*, I am sure it has upon mine; but whenever I am *dull*, you are to observe, it is *designedly*, so know

O 3

you'll

150 L E T T E R X V I .

you'll excuse it, and remember what
our old Friend HORATIO says in *the*
Play,

“ Verum opere in *longo* fas est
obrepere *somnum*.”

That is, COUSIN,

“ In *long* Affairs, if thro' bad Sight,

“ You can't get on your *Conjuring*
CAP,

“ 'Tis lawful then to bid good
Night,

“ And take a comfortable NAP.”

Or as he says in another Part of
the *Play*,

“ Quandoque Bonus dormitat HO-
MERUS.”

That

LETTER XVI. 151

That is,

“ 'Tis true in Fact but may look
odd,

“ That HOMER's sometimes seem to
NOD.

But however, now for WILL's *Coup
de Grace* in this and my next Letter;
For with a touch or two more of my
AWL into his POST—R—S up to the
Handle, I will make an END of him,
I am determin'd, let the Consequence be
what it will; so look sharp, PETER,
and clear away the *Film* of your
OCTOBER from your Eyes, and don't
be (as I have often seen you) staring
and gaping like a young Rook, or
like our Cousin *Major Old Fox*, in the
Play; for I hope now to be a little
bright

152 LETTER XVI.

bright *myself*, as I am going to give WILL's *finishing* Stroke, to make some small Amends for my *Dullness* in my last. The OLD LADY's *ill State of Health*, chiefly owing to the DROPSY, to which she had been always subject from her Youth, occasion'd by her *frolicking, junketting*, and keeping *bad* Company and *late* Hours, being already described, together with the *long Bills* for Phyfic, Attendance, and Surgeon's Work, and the strange Bustle and Noise there began to be in the *Steward's Room* about the *Non-Payment* of them for such a long Time, and by *whom* they were *partly* to be paid at last in a *Negative* Sense: Let us now see, COUSIN, what *Trick* our *High-German*, or rather *American* DOCTOR (like a true *Mountebank*

LETTER XVI. 153

bank with his *Harlequins*, *Scaramouches*, &c; on *the Stage*) play'd in Order for *WAYS* and *MEANS* to pay them off, and thereby to aggrandize *his own* Fame and Reputation for his *Specifics*, *Nostrums*, *Panaceas*, *Catholicons*, or call them whatever you please, as it is all the same to *WILL*, so long as he can but gull those about *the Stage* to swallow them, or cram them down their Throats, after he has *white-wash'd* and *gilded* them over a little.—There is *one* Thing about *WILL*, which I had almost forgot to tell you, *Cousin*, which is, that tho', as observ'd in a former Letter, he had *constitutionally* an amazing Talent or Gift at —; yet, on any *very extraordinary* Occasion, (as this of the *Man-*
ner

154 L E T T E R XVI.

ner of paying off the OLD LADY's *Bills*) he thought it not impolitic for *Art* to assist *Nature* a little ; accordingly the Day before *this* Affair he gave his usual Orders for a Supper, that Night, of such *Vegetables* and *Things* as are well known for their *flatulent* Excellencies. The next Morning just before he went out, (like a true T A R, as you know, Coz, he had been used to the NAVY, knowing what a *Storm* he should have to encounter) he *wetted* both Eyes with a good *Dram* of GIN ; said a short *Prayer*, shut them both, and down they went ; “ There ! said WILL, (clapping his *Belly*, shaking his *Head* at our *Family*, and putting into his Pocket his usual *Phial* of WIND-DRIVERS, *Ginger*, *Nutmeg*,
&c ;

LETTER XVI. 155

&c ; with his Paper of *Carroway Comfits*) “ Now ! you Blockheadly
 “ Dogs of COBLERS and WRONG-
 “ HEADS ! have at you all ! I think
 “ I am a Match for you.” The
 Day before the settling this Grand
 Affair of the *Manner* of paying the
 Bills off, one or two of WILL’S
 Head Servants saw A BIBLE on the
 Table in his *political Closet* which
 was very unusual :—“ Oh ! said one
 “ to the other, what o’ d—l is the
 “ Meaning of this, *Jack* ? Why,
 “ my Master, you know, scarce
 “ ever looks into *this Book*, or else
 “ we should have two or three of
 “ them in the *Kitchen* and the *But-*
 “ *ler’s Room* (as other great Families
 “ have) instead of “ *The Essay on*
 “ *Woman, Tristram Shandy, &c ;*
 “ but

‘ but I suppose we must keep to
 ‘ *these*, to be in the *Fashion* : But I
 “ can scarce believe my Eyes ! what !
 “ the *Bible* lying upon *Machiavel* !
 “ E’gad, Jack ! here’s something in
 “ the Wind ! we shall certainly hear
 ‘ to morrow of warm Work in a
 “ *certain* Place ;—Our *Master* surely
 “ has turned CONJURER, and will
 “ make fine Work with them all !”

The Fellow’s Words, COUSIN, hap-
 pen’d to prove true, tho,’ I believe,
 that *he* was neither a *Conjurer* or
Prophet. For WILL (or more pro-
 perly speaking THE DOCTOR, as upon
this Occasion he had taken with him,
 his great *Gold-Headed* Cane and a
 new very large *Tye-Wig*, to give
 him the greater Air of Importance,)
 had not been a great while in the
Steward’s

LETTER XV. 157

Steward's Room, amidst all their Buffle and Noise, for which he was prepared, by *cocking* his *Wig* on one Side, and playing with his *Cane* to shew his Unconcern, before he found it was Time to rise, which he did by Help of his *Crutches*, the Use of which he soon forgot, borne up by the Force and Thunder of his —: And after hearing with great Calmness and Composure for some Time the Arguments on both Sides, about the *Manner* of paying off the Bills, he rose up with a truly *galenical* Gravity, and proceeded as follows, with his *Cane* now and then under his *Chin*, and stroaking his *Wig*, “ MR. STEWARD!
 “ The State of the OLD LADY’s Case
 “ has been so *fully* represented by
 “ those *learned* and *skilful* Physicians

VOL. I.

P

“ who

158 LETTER XVI.

“ who spoke last, that as we have
 “ now before us an *entire* DENUDA-
 “ TION of it, there is the less Need to
 “ say any Thing more on *that*
 “ Point; they have been also *no less*
 “ ready and exact in casting up the
 “ Bills of the Surgeons and *Apothe-*
 “ *caries*, occasion’d by her *long* and
 “ *grievous* Disorder, which, to be
 “ sure at first Sight, appear *alarming*
 “ and *terrible* enough. They have
 “ given us also to understand suffi-
 “ ciently how clamorous and noisy
 “ these strange, unsatisfy’d, and un-
 “ grateful *Mortar-Beaters* and *Wound*
 “ *Probers* † have been for some

† Here WILL was interrupted by his *old*
Friend CHARLES, who addressing himself to the
 STEWARD, desired, with his usual Politeness,

“ Time

LETTER XVI. 159

“ Time past, and are still, in their
 “ Demands for the Payment of them,
 “ notwithstanding they have, at

“ that this HIGH GERMAN DOCTOR would not
 “ be at his old Tricks of *Scurrility* and *Buffoonery*,
 “ in an Affair of this *Importance*, upon a Sett of
 “ *Gentlemen* who belong'd to one of the three
 “ *learned* Professions, and were well known to
 “ be very *skilful* in their Art, and *very reasonable*
 “ in charging their Bills; and that he hoped that
 “ neither he or any other G----n in the *Room*,
 “ should have Occasion to rise any more, to put
 “ him in mind how great an Indecorum it was
 “ in the *Orator* to lose the *Gentleman*.” To which
 WILL, (being full of *Wind* and just ready to
 burst, for want of giving it Vent) sternly re-
 ply'd, with some Indignation, that any one
 should presume *thus* to interrupt him, “ No Sir!
 “ no more shall *you* MR. PRIG! or any one else
 “ have Occasion to rise; for before I have done
 “ with you, by ----- I shall set you all plump
 “ upon your ----- so that whoever offers to rise

160 LETTER XVI.

“ Times, taken such *immense* Sums
 “ of the good OLD LADY’s Money.
 “ But this I can assure them for their

“ till I have done, shall find the *Reverse* of what
 “ was said of a late HON. GENT. “ That when-
 “ ever he rose, his A----- rose with him. I have
 “ got *something* in my Pocket which I shall shew
 “ you by and by, that shall fix you all so to your
 “ Seats, as if a Nail was driven thro’ your
 “ P---STR---s.” This set them, COUSIN, as
 you may well suppose, all grinning and staring
 at each other and looking with great Attention
 at him. This was talking like a CONJURER in-
 deed! and began to verify what one of the Fel-
 lows said of his MASTER in *the Closet*. WILL,
 you see, COUSIN, had got a sad naughty Trick of
Swearing, as appears in former Letters; but this
 you will the less wonder at, when it is con-
 sider’d that he was much subject to *Wind, Va-*
pours, and *rising of the Lights*; besides, his being
 so among the *Tars*, when PILOT of the *Britannia*
 helped to encrease it.

“ Comfort.

LETTER XVI. 161

“ Comfort, that if they don’t think
 “ fit to be quiet a little, and abate
 “ somewhat of their Impatience, let
 “ them *Bully* and *Hector* as long as
 “ they please, both *within* and *with-*
 “ *out* Doors and be d——d; they
 “ shall all be *turn’d out*, and then
 “ they never will get *such* A PA-
 “ TIENT again. The principal Point
 “ *now* therefore which requires our
 “ most mature Deliberation, is not so
 “ much the *Time* of these Bills, as THE
 “ MANNER in which they are to be
 “ paid off; not the QUANDO (WHEN)
 “ MR. STEWARD, but the QUOMO-
 “ DO, (How). I have been very at-
 “ tentive to all the Arguments urged
 “ on both Sides as *to this* Point, and
 “ I must confess, for *my own* Part, that

P 3.

“ the

162 LETTER XVI.

“ the main CARDO * on which the
 “ Arguments turn for the MANNER
 “ of paying the Bills off, is a very
 “ *weak, crack'd, and broken* one ;
 “ for is it not a d——d Shame and
 “ a Scandal to talk, or even think of
 “ making the *old Woman's* Children
 “ ABROAD (who, it is well known,
 “ are but yet in their *Infancy, poor,*
 “ *weakly, half-starv'd* Things ;”)
 “ maintain themselves, and so, ne-

* Here WILL was interrupted again, Coz,
 and desir'd not to *Coin* such hard Words as DE-
 NUDATION, CARDO, &c ; that were not to be
 found in any *Conversation Dictionary* but his own ;
 but to speak “ *In puris naturalibus,*” that is, in
plain English. This was observed to make him
fume again and *fret* most terribly, as he could not
 bear Opposition.

“ gatively

L E T T E R XVI. 163

“ gatively bear *their* part in paying
 “ them? No! I will never agree to
 “ that neither, negatively or positi-
 “ vely; and as I see there is scarce
 “ any one here to take their Parts,
 “ I will stand up (clapping his Hands
 “ to his Sides) and play A SOLO for
 “ *their* Benefit.” † WILL having

† Here again, Coz, WILL was interrupted a
third Time by his *old Friend* CHARLES, who
 humbly desir'd to know what *Instrument* his
 HONOUR was going to entertain them withal,
 whether the HUM-STRUM, HURDY-GURDY, or
 GROANING-POST; but as the last was a WIND
 Instrument, he presumed it to be that? Bless me!
 COUSIN! how did this little Stroke of banter
 confuse and vex him! had I given him a Taste
 of my Awl behind, it could not have touch'd
 him more *to the Quick!* How he did rage and
 storm! it was generally thought he would not be
 able to give the WIND vent quick enough, but
 that he must certainly burst. However, he held
 out full *two* Hours.

play'd

164 LETTER XVI.

play'd his Part on his WIND Instru-
 ment, *the Scotch Bag-Pipes* (a pre-
 sent made to him by his old
 NORTHERN *Friend* for his great *Hu-
 mility* and *Condescension* in accepting
 of A CAP and FEATHER) for the
 aforesaid Space of Time, to the Admi-
 ration and Amazement of the rest of
 the *Physicians* in the *Room*, began
 to be so elevated with his Success in
 hopes of carrying his Point, that he
 seem'd quite intoxicated; he was
piping away, and thought to carry all
 before him, when lo! to his great Sur-
 prize, Vexation, and Indignation, he
 was interrupted a *fourth* Time by an
arch Wag who whisper'd, but so as
 to be heard by WILL, "That he
 had got IT this Morning pretty hand-
 somely," and was going on to shew
 how:

LETTER XVI. 165

how flimsy all his Arguments were :
 But alas ! COUSIN, there was scarce
 such a Thing as bearing the Room :
 Figure to yourself the buskin'd Hero
 on the Stage raving and ranting in
 the most violent Manner imaginable.
 Away with your *Macbeths*, *Richards*,
Lears, *Alexanders*, and *Othellos*.
 They were all *Lambs* compar'd with
 WILL. He rav'd, storm'd, and
 swore, so that he quite foam'd at the
 Mouth, and was so unruly, that,
 out of mere Pity and Compassion to
him and Regard for *themselves*, lest he
 should do any Mischief, they told
 him, they thought proper for him to
 have a *Keeper*, and accordingly be-
 gan to VOTE for it. Z——ds !
 Coz ; his hearing this, almost did his
 Business ;

Buſineſs ; he was ſo chcked with
 Rage and WIND together, that he
 fell backwards on his Seat, putting
 his Hand in his Pocket at the ſame
 Time, which ſo terrify'd the Gen-
 tlemen oneach Side of him, ſuppoſing
 he was going to pull out a *Knife*,
 that they held his Arms ; but WILL
 having Strength enough to get what
 he wanted, which he had laid upper-
 moſt in his Pocket, threw it down
 before them all, ſtammering and
 foaming as if he had been bit by a
Mad-Dog ; “ th— th— th— there
 “ you ſtu— ſtu— ſtu— ſtupid
 “ C— C— C— COBLING
 “ Blockheads, r— r— r— read
 “ *that*, there's a B— B— B— B—
 “ B— BIBLE for you ; and now
 “ by

LETTER XVI. 167

“ by — GENTLEMEN, I will
 “ prove to you all, as plain as a
 “ Pike-Staff, * that ST. PAUL in
 “ his second Epist. to the Corinthians,
 “ has an exprefs Prophecy relative to
 “ the Case now before us of THE
 “ AMER—s, to shew most evidently
 “ that they ought NOT to be taxed,
 “ † for the CHILDREN ought NOT

* Here Coz. WILL recover'd his Speech a little, and did not *flammer* so much, as is usual with *Swearers*, to speak *those Words*, and what follows, a little more *plainly*.

† Here WILL was put to his Proof; he accordingly took up the BIBLE, with the Gravity of an *Archbishop*, and turn'd immediately to Chapter the twelfth, and Verse fourteenth of the said Epistle, and read as follows, with a very *laudable Voice*, laying a Particular *Stress* and *Emphasis*.

“ to

168 LETTER XVI.

“ to lay up for the *Parents* : but the
 “ *PARENTS* for the *Children*.” E’gad,
 Coz, this was the boldest stroke that
 WILL ever struck in the *Steward’s*
 Room in his whole Life, or (as is
 supposed) ever will. It would amaze
 you to think with what a *Panic* they
 were all seiz’d ; for who could have
 thought that *he* would ever have
 turn’d *DIVINE* at last ; he had in-
 deed before, in *some* Instances, play’d
 the *LAWYER*, and now lately *PHY-*
SICIAN, but *THE DIVINE* ! was
 the *last* Character they ever thought
 he would have personated : How-
 ever,—WILL knew how to use the
 three learned *Professions* to his Ad-
 vantage, either separately or mixt to-
 gether, as he found them fit for his
 Purpose ; accordingly, under the
 GOWN,

LETTER XVI. 1691

GOWN, which, you know, PETER, like "*Charity*, covers a Multitude of " Sins," he found it best to play the PHYSICIAN, by introducing his favourite Maxim,

" *Venienti occurrere MORBO.*"

That is, Coz.

" Off with the LEG, and then a " Mortification may begin as soon " as it *will* in the GREAT-TOE."

But to return to the *Steward's Room*. WILL's producing this *Nostrum* of his under the Garb of A DIVINE, proved him truly to be " A SON of " a *seventh* Son, THE UNBORN " DOCTOR!" that is PETER, " *such* " a DOCTOR as never was born before!"

Q

170. LETTER XVI.

“fore!” It set all rest of the *Physicians* in the *Room*, staring at each other, and gaping at *him*, with Wonder and Astonishment at this *profound Argument* of his from *Saint Paul's Epistles*, that had he used the *Argumentum Baculinum*, that is Coz, “knock'd them all down with his “CRUTCHES,” they could not have been more effectually silenced. This general Silence of theirs, and no one offering to get up to answer it, proved WILL's Words to be true which he spoke just before, “that he would “fix them all so to their Seats, as “tho' a Nail was driven thro' their “* *” and tickled *him* so, to think that he should carry his Point of repealing THE A—T by such a *Majority*, that, what with an Excess of Joy, Laugh-
ter,

LETTER XVII 171

ter, and WIND together, which had not yet quite given itself vent, WILL fell down a second Time upon his Seat, with his new *Tye-Wig* falling off at the same Time, which, as soon as he recover'd himself, he huddled on, and hobbled out of the *Room* as well as he could by help of his *Crutches*; flourishing his *Cane*, laughing and chuckling as he went along, to think how he had *hum'd* our *Family*, and made them swallow his *Bolus*, which in Contempt of *them*, he call'd "a most sweet BALL OF WAX." This Affair, you must needs think, Coz, made no small Noise at *Home*; his Fame was so much trumpeted about by THOSE who were on his Side for *the Repeal*, that, as it sufficiently proved him MASTER of

172 LETTER XVI.

ARTS, so they wanted to get him an honorary Degree in *both* Universities of DOCTOR OF LAW, PHYSIC, and DIVINITY; but as this was an unusual *Doctorate*, of all these three learned Professions *at once*, they begg'd leave to demur upon it a little, wisely foreseeing, that as there was at that Time, (and had been *long* before, and *still* likely to continue) such a close Correspondence between the two *Barometers* of POL—T—CS and THE WEATHER, that the last was observ'd almost every Week to affect the *first*, so they very prudently judged, that their *dubbing* him A DOCTOR of *this* sort would be rather premature, and give as much Offence to *SOME* of *our* Family, as if the POPE'S *Triple-Crown* had been set up-

on

on his Head : Besides, these shrewd old DONS observ'd again, as much to their *Interest* as well as their *Honour*, “ that as it is an *ill* Wind that blows “ *nobody* any good,” so they very wisely concluded, “ that it must be “ a *good* Wind that blows some- “ body *some* good,” and again, “ that “ as *Promotion* cometh neither from “ the *East*, nor from the *West*, nor “ yet from the *South*,” They therefore wisely concluded again, that it could possibly come only from THE NORTH. They accordingly desir'd Time to put on their *considering Caps*, and sent an humble Message, hoping that as his HON—R's *Head* was lately furnish'd with such a noble, large TYE-WIG, it would take no Harm from the Hazard of a *little* Cold, for

174 LETTER XVI.

the want of *two* or *three* CAPS; for however *weak* it might be at *some* Times, yet it was very well *known* and very sensibly *felt* too, that it was STRONG enough at others. The News of WILL's Victory in the *Steward's Room* over his Antagonists, you may be sure COZ, could not long be conceal'd here, but away it flew, like Lightning, over to the *old Lady's* CHILDREN at her *Estates* ABROAD: Z——ds PETER! there was such Doings in all kinds of rejoicing, that her *Bailiffs* and *Stewards* had much ado to keep all the *Puncheons* of *Rum* and other *good Liquors* that were then made, from being stav'd to pieces by the *Copper-nos'd* BOYS being universally transported almost to a Degree of Madness.—Amazing Accounts came

over

L E T T E R XVI. 175

over by every Ship of the Grand *Eclat* made there by WILL's — here at home *folong* and *loud* in their Favour; they therefore thought it impossible to do too much for him; *Triumphal Arches* and *Statues* were immediately voted to be erected to his Memory, with the following Infcription;

“ IMMORTALI VIRO.”

That is, Coz,

TO THE UNBORN DOCTOR,

Or, as an arch Fellow of *our Family*
better translated it;

“ To the GREAT KING of the
“ *Cherokees, Chickefaws, Chebuētos,*
“ *and Catabaws.*”

There

176 LETTER XVI.

There were such continual Revel-
lings and Drunkenness for some
Time, that the OLD LADY'S *Stewards*
were afraid her *Estates* would either
be set on Fire, or that the *Copper-
Nosed Boys* would, under that Pre-
tence, form a Scheme for a *general
Rebellion*, and so destroy them that
way. For Peace and Safety there-
fore they prudently refrained it, but
yet kept up the *Anniversary* of that
ever-memorable *Day*, till Accounts
were brought over to them, as much
to their Surprise the other way,
that WILL was created A L. * * *.—
Upon this, having a mind one Day
to see how the *City* and *Suburbs* were
encreas'd by the *new Buildings* which
were daily carrying on, thought the

Top

LETTER XVI. 177

Top of ST. PAUL's was the best Place. Accordingly he, attended by some of his Companions, went one Morning, and tho' it was very early, and as he thought himself INCOG. Yet, (as his *old Friend* still bore him a Grudge for not sticking to his *first* Principles, of which he made somuch trumpeting at his setting out); he was unluckily discover'd by two or three People with A CAP and FEATHER on his *Head*, an *Embroidery* of the *Constellation* SIRIUS (or *Dog-STAR*) on his *Coat*, and a remarkable fine SEAL, with the Letters C. P. S. round it, hanging to his *Watch-Chain*. WILL having brought some of his *Mess-Mates*, that serv'd with him on Board the BRITANNIA when he was *Pilot*, prepar'd with a
Ladder

178 L E T T E R XVI.

Ladder of Ropes and other necessary *Implements*, gave the Fellow that shews the *Dome*, no less than *five Guineas*, but upon Condition, “ that he left the “ Key of the bottom Door with him, “ to prevent Interruption,” and told “ him, that he might go and regale “ himself and his Friends with a good “ Dinner and Bowl of Punch,” and as WILL had been used on board of Ship, when in the *Navy*, to the firing of a Gun as a *Signal*, “ Harkee Friend, said he ! as soon as Dinner is over, and you hear the *Trumpets* from the outer Gallery, charge your Glasses with a *Brimmer* to CHURCH, KING, and ROYAL FAMILY !— Charge again, and then Fire your Gun, and Drink TO THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH ! Now by *this Toast*,
Coz,

LETTER XVI. 179

Coz, every one knows it means THE KING. But *honest WILL* very humbly meant by it no less a Person than HIMSELF, as you'll see presently; for while the Fellow was gone to invite his Company and bespeak Dinner at the *Black-Swan* just under ST. PAUL's, WILL, who for his notable Feats and Exploits, was look'd upon to be a "*Rara Avis*," that is, Coz, another "*BLACK SWAN*," was preparing by the Help and Ingenuity of his *Mess-Mates* with the *Ladder*, &c; to scale the Top of the *Dome* from the outer Gallery; and as WILL had learn'd of the *Cabin-Boys* on Board the *Ship* to climb the Shrouds, he got up to the *Cross* with no great Difficulty: and fixing himself astride on it with Ropes to hold fast,

180 LETTER XVI.

fast, he gave Notice to his Comrades below in the Gallery that “ all was “ safe !” Upon which they blew the *Trumpets* as a *Signal* agreed to let them know at the *Black-Swan*, they were ready now for the *Toast*; the *Trumpets* had not long sounded, before the *Gun* fired at drinking the said *Toast*, the meaning of which the Fellow now plainly saw : And as no one was in the *Secret* but themselves, by his strictly charging the Fellow at dismissing him, to say nothing till the *Gun* fired : what with the Report of the *Demi-Culverin*, and *Huzzaing* below, and *Huzzaing* and *Trumpeting* from the Gallery above ; the whole *Church-Yard* was now in an uproar ! It was full presently all round ! and so crowded, that Coaches, Carts,

LETTER XVI. 181

Carts, &c. were forced to go on each Side of the *Church-Yard* by the back Streets! — Various were the Conjectures of the gaping Spectators what could possibly be the Matter, they were so astonish'd and amaz'd! — WILL had before given Orders to his Companions to disappear, as soon as they had done *trumpeting* and *huzzaing*, on the firing of the *Gun*, at their Drinking the *aforsaid Toast*. — And now, PETER, he was in all his *Glory*! in the *Meridian* of his *Splendor*! and at the very *Pinnacle* of all his earthly *Greatness*! He was sitting here, looking all around him, with the utmost Delight and Transport; far beyond (as he was heard to say afterwards) what he felt when he was drawn by some honest TARS the

R

Day

Day he went to Dine at a *Great Hall* in the CITY, some few Years ago; for *bare, outward* POPULARITY, Coz, has a strange magical Force over the Minds of too many Men, whatever they may say or pretend, to what *real* PATRIOTISM has;—as the *first* only tickles the Fancy and plays in the HEAD; the latter, WHERE, and WHEN-ever it is found, is always observed to be entirely *consistent* with itself, and being deeply rooted in the HEART, desires much rather to be *felt* than only to be *seen*.

yours, &c.

JOBSON.

LET.

[183]

LETTER XVII.

DEAR COUSIN,

WILL never troubled himself with Reflections of *this* Sort, he had now got what he wanted, to his

“ *Ne plus ultra,*”

That is, PETER,

“ To the very *Top* of ST. PAUL’S.”

And was therefore *literally* speaking THE HEAD of THE CHURCH as he told the Fellow ; the immense

R 2

Multi-

Multitudes of People gather'd in and about the *Church-Yard* to see this *strange and unaccountable PHÆNOMENON*, from the Bottom to the Top and Outfides of all the Houses down to *Fleet-Ditch*, and the *Market*, and quite up to the *Street* almost to *Saint Dunstan's*; then again round *Watling* and *Newgate-Streets*, and the upper End of *Cheapside*: The almost entire Stop put to Business by the direct Communication being cut off between the two Cities of *London* and *Westminster* occasioned hereby;—the many Millions of *Oaths* and *Curses* uttered by the *Coachmen* and *Carmen*, more than enough to have served an whole Ship's *Crew* for an *East-India Voyage*;—the *Plundering* of the *Orange* and *Apple-Barrows* while the
good

LETTER XVII. 185

good Women were run out to *gape* a little at what they could not see or understand,

A-la-mode l' ANGLOIS.—

The rare Work there was made at the Pockets of all the *Wise-Acres* by the *light finger'd Gentry*, who sent them Home with *Breeches* as light as their *Hearts*; the various Conjectures, as before observed, what this Thing could possibly be, perch'd on the very *Top* of such an Eminence; some taking it to be a *Rook*, others, a *Cormorant*; while my shrewd Friend, the *Trunk-Maker* at the Corner, told them all, it was plainly a *Golden-Eagle*; but two honest *Jack-Tars* soon rid them of all their Doubts and Fears, swearing

186 L E T T E R XVII.

that it was AN HUMMING BIRD,
laughing at them all for a Parcel of
Fools for being asleep with their Eyes
open, as they might plainly see, if,
they would but open their Mouths
a little wider, his *Tuft* of FEATHERS
on his *Head*, and a white flaming
SPECK on his *left Wing*, and “D—N
“ my Eyes, said one to the other,
“ if I had but a *Gun* here, *Jack*, I
“ would fetch him down presently, so
“ that he should come tumbling with
“ his *Keel* upwards ;” several had
been fired at him before, but all in
Vain ! for they either were not charg-
ed with Powder enough, or that he
was out of *Gun-Shot*. However
Jack was supply’d with one, which
happened to be of an extraordinary
Length, but not having been used for
some

LETTER XVII. 187

some Time past, was become a little rusty. *Jack* never look'd at it, but gave it a *treble* charge, being determin'd it should carry the Shot far enough, prim'd it well, off it would go he made no Doubt, but flash'd in Pan, and the People standing so very thick, it set Fire to a Fellow's Wig, and he being *Red-Hair'd* and pretty long, his Head took Fire directly, and they sav'd the Bed of *Carrots* and his Life together by clapping an old Woman's *Red-Cloak* over him and so stifted it. *Jack* prim'd a second Time, off it went, and indeed to some purpose, but very fatally for the poor Fellow and his Comrade; for it burst, and blew them both backwards into my Friend *WILKIE's*
(the

188 LETTER XVII.

(the Bookfeller's) Shop and kill'd them on the Spot. WILL was now, as before observ'd, in the *Zenith* both of his Glory and Spirits, fit to die with Laughing, tickled with so many pleasing Ideas from *this Groupe* of Circumstances attending their gaping at him, that he had much ado to keep himself fast upon the *Round-Top* with his Ropes, to think that he had before *hum'm'd* THE GREAT VULGAR in the *Steward's* Room in the AMERICAN Affair, so he was now *humming* THE SMALL; and therefore the honest TAR (who was not to be so *hum'm'd* himself, as he had seen Numbers of them in the *West-Indies*) was right in calling it AN HUMMING BIRD.—
The Scene of that Day's *Harlequin*
Enter-

LETTER XVII. 189

Entertainment, COUSIN, is far beyond *my* painting, I must confess, and requires the Hand of an HEEMS-KIRK, a TENIERS, or an HOGARTH; it was a Day that I shall never forget, (as you'll see presently what Reason I had to remember it) was I to live to the Age of *Methuselah*? if there was *one* Telescope out at this BIRD, it was judg'd by the best Accounts I could learn, there were above 1000.—Some of the best, at last discover'd it was A MAN,—upon which a general Shout from below being given upon the Discovery, WILL suppos'd it was high Time now to appear to the best Advantage, and to make the most of that Day's Raree-Shew of his CAP and FEATHER, and FINE COAT: for *this*, COZ, was his
sole

190 LETTER XVII.

sole Scheme, tho' his Pretence was, to take a Survey of the *new Buildings* that were carrying on,—for he was a *sly, artful D—G*, and could make the People believe *Black* was *White*, and *White, Black*; as in a former Letter, you know PETER, when he was PILOT of the good Ship THE BRITANNIA, he carried her over to *Holland*, and made the *Ship's-Crew* believe they had got into NORTH-AMERICA. And as in *Farce*, so in *serious Affairs*, WILL had a most excellent Way, and seems peculiar to himself, of *varnishing* over an Argument whenever he had a Mind to carry a *Point* in the *Steward's Room*: and this he always managed to his own purposes by Means of a certain QYL which he carry'd about with him,

LETTER XVII. 191

him, (and hence he got the *Name* of WILL VARNISH) so that he, as our arch *Cousin* and Friend *Hudibras* observes,

“ Could *still* change Sides, and *still*
“ confute.”——

I have read somewhere in *Natural History*, COUSIN, that a *Fish*, call'd THE CUTTLE FISH, when persued and in Danger of being taken, has the faculty of opening a Bladder full of a *blackish* Sort of Liquor, like *Ink*, by which means the Water, surrounding it, becomes so very thick and turbid, that its Persuers lose sight of it, and so it escapes; WILL's Oyl serv'd *his* Purposes in this Manner to a most surprizing Degree, when
closely

192 LETTER XVII.

closely press'd in Argument by his
-old Friend CHARLES WEATHER-
COCK and others: — If I remember
right also, there is at the *Cape of Good
Hope*, as we are told by our good
Friends THE DUTCH, a certain *sweet,*
delicate kind of Animal, call'd THE
STINK-BINGSEM ; who, in like
Manner, when persued and in Dan-
ger of being taken, has the Faculty
also of opening his *Port-Hole* BE-
HIND, and emitting such a *fragrant*
Scent to the *Dogs, Horses, and Men,*
that it beats all the *Eau-de-Luce* in
the World, and even exceeds the very
Essence and Quint-essence of all the
Album Græcum in the *Puppicaries*
Shops in the three Kingdoms, so that
they immediately turn Tail and run
helter-skelter to get out of the way as
fast

LETTER XVII. 193

fast as possible, and so he escapes.—
How far WILL's ——— in the
Steward's Room serv'd his Purposes in
like Manner, is well known, tho'
not altogether so agreeably *felt*: for
it was always observ'd, when he had
done, to have rais'd a strange Kind of
Mist or *Smoke* in the *Room*, and to
occasion many a *wry Face*; but you
know, Coz, there was nothing so
very extraordinary in this, for there
can never be much ——— any where,
but we must also *make some GRAINS*
of Allowance. — To return now to
WILL, whom we have still left on
the *Top* of ST. PAUL's;—as he found
himself now discover'd to be some-
thing more than a *Bird* by means of
the People's Telescopes, he now drew
their Attention most earnestly.—Oh!

VOL. I.

S

Coz,

194 LETTER XVII.

Coz, how did this please and tickle him to the Life! to think that he was now not only *higher* but also far *greater* than any *Eastern Monarch* or even the *Nabob of Golconda*! He accordingly gave a signal to his *Mess-Mates* below in the Gallery, who, to make WILL the more conspicuous, disappeared in Order to get ready something else in the mean Time, and immediately hoisted up over his Head a *White FLAG* with the Words

“SUM. SOLUS!”

(That is, PETER,

“I am the ONLY Man that dare sit here!”)

In

L E T T E R XVII. 195

In *Black Letters* as big as a *Cart-Wheel*;—a *Motto*, most suitable, as he thought, at that Time, and borrow'd, as is said, of a *noted* Brother *PROJECTOR*, who for his tricks at *Fire-Works*, was call'd *THE SALAMANDER*: and as *WILL* lov'd *Men* and *Things* out the common Course, he took care to cultivate his Knowledge of them accordingly. — The Wind was, somewhat unluckily for *WILL*, rather high that Day; it blew the *FLAG* about so, that the People could not for a long time make out the *Letters* upon it; at last, a cunning Dog of a *SIDROPHEL* of *our Family* be-thought himself of borrowing the longest Telescope that was nearest to him, and up he got to the Gallery of *St. Martin's, Ludgate*, and there

196 LETTER XVII.

by degrees made out of *Letters*,
 clapp'd them together, and told the
 People that from the *Motto* which he
 had often read in the *Papers*, it was
 POWELL the *Fire-Eater*, shaking
 his Head at him at the same Time and
 saying, “ Is *this* all (and be d——d
 “ to you !) for which I have been
 “ flaving all the Afternoon *after* a
 “ Discovery for you and your SUM
 “ SOLUS, you Son of an W—e ! Yes,
 “ E’gad, I believe you, and so you
 “ *shall* be ALONE for all *me* I pro-
 “ mise you, for I don’t know who
 “ the d—l would come near you but
 “ a *Fool* or a *Madman* ;” “ There’s
 “ a COBBLING Dog for you !” cries
 “ another (who happened to be a
 “ *Free-Mason*) POWELL the Fire-
 “ Eater ! Yes to be sure ! you are a
 “ pretty

LETTER XVII. 197

“ pretty Fellow to set up for a *Star-*
 “ *gazer* and *Afs-trologer* ! Why,
 “ you Blockhead ! POWELL is now,
 “ to my certain Knowledge, grilling
 “ Beef-Steaks upon his Tongue,
 “ and shewing other Feats of his
 “ *Vulcanian Art* before L * * * B * * *
 “ in *Scotland* for his *Diverfion*, in
 “ Return for our *Diverfion* of this
 “ *Raree-Sheewhere* to Day.” Harkee,
 “ you, *Mr. Conundrum* ! fuppofe I
 “ tell you who it is now, *without*
 “ the Glafs ; ’tis your *old Friend*
 “ THE NEW CREATED E * * * of
 “ C * * *.” E’gad, Coz, the Fellow
 was right, as it could not poffibly be
 any one but he, from all his Ap-
 pearances, for he was like a *blazing*
 COMET. This Report foon fpread all
 round like Wild-Fire, at which we

198 LETTER XVII.

gave him three *Cheers*, which made some of the People think they saw *St. Paul's Dome* begin to shake; upon this we gave him *three* more, hoping that tho' the *Guns* were not able to fetch him down, this *Huzzaing* would so far intoxicate him as to turn his Brain, and down he must certainly come. The *Dome* and *he* still being firm, we try'd once more, wisely concluding, that if he did not come down the *last Time*, he was like the Fellow looking down *Dover-Cliff*,
 " that he must have either a very
 " STRONGHead, or else a very WEAK
 " one." WILL, no Doubt, sat laughing and enjoying all this more than a little; till it began to grow dark, and the People's Patience being quite tired out to see him come
 down,

down, they all of them soon dispersed themselves Home, and it seems that WILL and his Companions were forced to steal away by Favour of the Night; or else he most certainly had been murder'd for HUMMING them all in such a scandalous, shameful Manner as they said, and enraged them so as that they swore it was *ten Times worse* than any *Betty Canning's Affair*, *Bottle Conjurer's*, or *COCK-LANE GHOST's* whatever, even if MORE than ONE *Parson* had been concern'd in it. I, for my own Part, Coz, began to be sufficiently tired, having eat or drank nothing at all the whole Time, and calling in at the *Cheshire-Cheese* in *Wine-Office-Court*, as I was going up *Fleet-Street*,
to

200 LETTER XVII.

to get some *Bread* and *Cheese* and a *Tankard* of Porter, I began to feel for the *Six-Pence* which my poor dear Wife NELL gave me before I went out in the Morning, but the D——l o'bit could I find it; so concluded that the *Pick-pockets* had been more free than welcome with JOBSON as well as many others. I should have told you, PETER, that in the Crowd of Fools to see this Fellow of a *Fire-Eater, Harlequin, new created L****, or whatever he was, I lost my *Hat* and *Wig*, and glad indeed that I escaped so; for I had much ado to keep my *Snout* cock'd up for a little fresh Air, as I never was so near being suffocated in all my Life, being, you know, short and fat. I had

LETTER XVII. 201

had no sooner got to the *Cheshire-Cheese*, but the Company, to whom I was well known, began to be very arch upon me, “ why how now “ *Jobson*? what! *you* have been to “ make up the Number of Fools too “ in *St. Paul’s Church-Yard* to see “ this HUMMING-BIRD. But, says “ one, what’s become of your Coat? “ What! I suppose you have been “ dancing an Hornpipe in your “ Waistcoat, (as we know you’re a “ funny Fellow) or tuck’d your Coat “ flaps into your Breeches to save “ your Pockets from being pick’d? “ Not I truly, for I had nothing to “ lose;” but I thought I felt very light about the Hips, and e’gad on examining my Coat, I found that they were torn off all round, either by
the

the Pick-pockets, or squeezing thro' the Crowd, but glad was I to get Home to poor NELL, who, impatient for my coming, receiv'd me with open Arms and Tears of Joy, having been told, by some Neighbours "that Numbers were kill'd in " the Crowd, and Poor JOBSON " among the rest;" But this I strongly suspected, Coz, was a *Hum* invented by our Neighbour TOM CUCUMBER, the Green Grocer, in *Covent-Garden*, a Widower, who I *knew* had an Eye upon NELL for his *second*, to see how she would bear the suppos'd Loss. I took care therefore the next Morning before TOM was stirring, to convince him that I was come Home tight, *Wind* and *Limb*, by serenading him under his Window

LETTER XVII. 203

Window with a *Tune* upon the *Salt-Box* and *Dancing a fig*, and told him it was high Time for him to rise and look out for another COBLER'S Widow. To return now from this *short Digression*;—the *Bailiffs* and *Stewards* of the OLD LADY'S Estates ABROAD, as before observ'd, Coz, upon having the News brought over to them that WILL was call'd up from the *Room* on the *Ground-Floor*, where he had fought so stoutly for them, to the LARGE SALOON *above Stairs*; were afraid that it was *now* all over with them. according to that shrewd old Observation,

“*Fortuna mutat GENUS.*”—

That

204 LETTER XVII.

That is, PETER,

“*Lift a Man up*, and he will soon
“*look over you.*”

They strongly suspected, that those
venerable Letters W. P. would soon
be swallow'd up and obliterated in
those *Tinsel* ones of L. C. and they
all agreed *Nem. Con.* “That had he,
“like honest CURIUS DENTATUS
“of old, but firmly rejected the
“*Golden* offers of THE NORTHERN
“SAMNITE of the P. and P. and
“gone a little further into his *Alpha-*
“*bet* in sticking close to his S. S.
“and been contented with his two
“*Legacies* left him by his old *School-*
“*Mistress*, DAME JENNINGS, and
“the

“ the other (aforesaid) *old Woman*,
 “ and the *Annuity* fettled upon him
 “ by his generous MASTER, as a Re-
 “ ward for his *Physical Skill* and
 “ Diligence in keeping back the
 “ DROPSY from prevailing so over
 “ the good OLD LADY his MASTER’s
 “ Mother, (and *this* they said was
 “ enough for any *reasonable Man*)
 “ he had not only been the *greatest*
 “ Man in the World, from the Crea-
 “ tion of ADAM, far beyond all your
 “ *Alexanders, Cæsars, Constantines,*
 “ and *Louisses*, but *must* have con-
 “ tinued in the Esteem of every
 “ One, of whatever *Party*, quite
 “ down to the very End of it!”——
 But alas, Coz!—WILL, with all
 his *swaggering Pretensions* at his set-
 ting out, was determin’d with him-

206 LETTER XVII.

self, as soon as he had gain'd his Points, (as we now plainly see) that *he* would not be the *first* Instance of the following Line,

“ That *faultless* MONSTER which
the World ne'er saw.”

And this was most certainly the effect of his *Modesty*, for fear of being shewn about for a SIGHT!—The monstrous and insufferable *Airs* of of WILL towards every one on account of this *Elevation*, plainly shew'd it was no Wonder he had forgot *others*, when he did not KNOW *himself*.—It had such an effect upon his HEAD, that he was continually *squirting* about the Country, under a Pretence indeed of *changing the Air*,
and

LETTER XVII. 207

and *drinking the Waters* for his Health, but *our Family* knew better, as it was only to *shew* himself. Our good Friends *the Gazetteer*, and *Public-Advertiser*, watch'd his *Motions* so narrowly, that he could not let a * * * * * but it was known presently. One Day we were told he was at *Hampstead*, another at *Bath*, a third at *Marlborough*, a fourth at his *Summer-House* in *Somersetshire* drinking *Cyder* and *Perry* of his own Manufacture, which they said was such *humming Stuff* that it made the People's Heads ach for a Month after, so that he could get nobody to come near him for Fear of their Heads being *blown off*.—He was playing these Tricks for some Time,

T 2

when

208 LETTER XVII.

when coming up from *Bath* one Day, his Head was seiz'd, as he was coming thro' *Marlborough* with such a violent Fit of the MEGRIMS, that he was obliged with all his Retinue to stop at the *great Inn* there, where he continued for some Days in such a State, as the Physicians judg'd almost desperate. The Fears and Alarms here at Home were such, as occasion'd *Couriers* to be dispatch'd away almost every Morning and Evening, to know how he did! Nay, the *Masters* were so impatient as to go down *themselves*! vast Numbers of them! that Horses and Carriages were so taken up, and incommoded the Road, that it was observed for a Fortnight or three Weeks, the *Bath*, *Bristol*,
and

LETTER XVII. 209

and other *Western* Coaches did not get to their respective Inns till near twelve at Night. The Coachmen, poor Fellows, were going to be discharg'd, the very first Night, from their Places, by their Masters, for their Idleness and Neglect, till they found truly how the Case was, " that THE KING OF THE CHERO-
" KEES was coming up to Town,
" but was taken so ill at *Marl-*
" *borough*, as to be for some Time
" at the Point of Death." Some arch Wags from LONDON took the Hint and improv'd it. They hired a large *Barn* that stands close at the end of the *Inn*, got a Bed and every Thing ready; dress'd up an *Image* of a right *Copper* Complexion, laid it in the Bed and hung out a

210 LETTER XVII.

Board with the following Words upon it,

“ Walk in GEMMEN! Walk in!
 “ Now to be seen without loss of
 “ Time, THE GREAT KING OF
 “ THE CHEROKEES! as he is now
 “ lying in State, at only *one* *Sbil-*
 “ *ling* a Piece.”——

Thus they *hummm'd* the honest *Wiltshire* Men! so that while poor WILL was Groaning at one End of the House, they were shewing him out for a *Sight* at the *other*. However, WILL, by Strength of a good Constitution, and the *Prayers* of the Place and Neighbouring Churches being put up, for “ a
 “ certain GREAT MAN much dis-
 “ order'd in *Body* and much more
 “ in

LETTER XVII. 211

“MIND,” recover’d so, as to be able,
 not long after, to be brought to
Town, when he was put, COUSIN,
 under the Care of DR. WILLIAMSON,
 a most eminent Physician, who has
 lately favour’d *the Public* with a true
 and Genuine NARRATIVE of his
 CASE, which in short, is to the follow-
 ing Effect, “That he is now about
 “ the 60th Year of his Age, of a
 “ thin and hectic Habit of *Body*,
 “ subject in the *Spring* and *Fall* to
 “ *adust Choler and Bile*, and to
 “ whose Constitution an Hereditary
 “ *Gout* is incident;”—“That tho’ he
 “ has had *two Hundred and six Mo-*
 “ *tions one way*, and one Hundred
 “ and *eighty eight another*, yet under
 “ so copious a Discharge he still
 “ looks

“ looks florid ;”—and “ that as to
 “ his *Mind*, if he is not downright
 “ *insane* or *mad*, yet he is very visi-
 “ bly tending fast that Way, having
 “ his *lucid Intervals* as is usual with
 “ *Lunatics* ;—and when the *Ægri*
 “ *somnia* are upon him, that is, “ the
 “ *Fits of the Politician*, Coz, he is
 “ heard to talk strangely in a raving,
 “ wild, incoherent Manner of
 “ *The dispensing Power* ;”—“ *Re-*
 “ *duction of the Land-Tax* ;”—
 “ *State of North-America* ;” “ *House*
 “ *of Lords and Commons* ;”—“ *Ma-*
 “ *nilla Ransom* ;”—“ *Payment of the*
 “ *Canada Bills* ;”—“ *Mischiefs of un-*
 “ *inhabited Boroughs* ;” — “ *Dear-*
 “ *ness of Provisions* ;”—“ *Necessity*
 “ *of Treennial Parliaments* ;”—and
 “ some

LETTER XVII. 213

“ some broken Words about “ *the*
 “ *Charter of the E. I. C.*”— and
 “ the Design of seizing their Proper-
 “ ty without hearing their Preten-
 “ sions,” &c; &c; — and therefore,
 dear COUSIN PETER! (to conclude
 at last, this long winded Fellow
 WILL, who, I am glad for *your*
 Sake as well as *my own* is so near
 making his *Exit*) let us set this
 deplorable *Instance* of human Frail-
 ty, and Weakness, (with all his
Greatness) constantly before our
 Eyes, and join with our best Wishes
 for the *Ancient, Wise, and Honour-*
able Family of THE COBLERS, in the
 Words of the Poet.

Ut sit Mens sana in Corpore sano!

That

214 LETTER XVII.

That is,

"That we may be as found at
"Bottom as we are o' Top."

And am,

DEAR COZ,

yours heartily,

JOBSON.

L E T.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR COUSIN.

WELL, PETER,, how are you? how many *Tips* have you had at your nobly embossed two quart Silver *Tankard*, during your Journey thro' my *three* last Letters, which I suppose have tired you more than a *Fox-Chase*; But come! hold up! one *Swig* more at it and then!—Having now, at last, done with WILL, who is an ample *Specimen* of the rest of his *Fraternity*, it is high Time for us to consider a little further the great *Wisdom* and *Sagacity* of our FAMILY, as to that which is our *Master-Piece*, POLITICS; and
therefore

216 LETTER XVIII.

therefore, before I entirely quit *this* Subject, I must not forget a NANNY-GOAT or two of a famous *Ancestor* of the COBLERS, our good *Cousin* BOB, who, notwithstanding all his *Honesty* as well as *Wisdom*, yet could not escape the *Venom* of *some* People's Tongues in his Days, in being *unjustly* and *slanderosly* called "THE FATHER OF CORRUPTION!"—He had indeed a *Sett* of *Maxims* peculiar to himself;—*one* in particular, in which I believe his *Successors* will allow him to have been right, as it has appeared pretty plainly ever since by their so closely copying after his *Example*, to have been a very true and safe one, "That *every Man* had his PRICE." How he was able to attain to this *wonderful* Piece of Knowledge, we are at

no

L E T T E R XVIII. 217

no little Loss to comprehend, and can only tolerably account for it thus :
 “ that when he used to go to a certain *Office*, which *our* Enemies used to call in their low, vulgar, jeering Way, THE HOUSE OF OFFICE, he would call for a particular *Suit of Cloaths*, the Pockets of which were observed to be much longer than ordinary ;”—the *Taylor* had always express Orders in his making up a Suit of *this* Sort, it being supposed for *secret* Reasons, as BOB was well known to spare neither Pains nor *Expence* ; and besides, was famous all over EUROPE for his *generous* and *charitable* Acts in assisting the NECESSITOUS in every Thing that tended to the Honour and Welfare of his

U

KING

218 , L E T T E R XVIII.

KING and COUNTRY, and to the keeping it *honest* and *religious*. As he was always known to be *well stock'd* with the REGINA PECUNIA, that is COZ, THE EMPRESS OF THE WORLD, (for so SOLOMON, even in *his* Days, thought it, in saying, "MONEY commands all Things") it is no Wonder that he used be so constantly apply'd to, for *lending* as well as *giving away*; I have seen him many Times, when attended by those that wanted to borrow, dip his Hand into one of his *long* Pockets, and lend them an *handfull* without counting it. This was like the honest JACK TAR at *Portsmouth*, whose Ship had just been *paid off*, lending some Money to a Brother
TAR,

LETTER XVIII. 219

TAR, never staid to tell it over, but gave him a handfull, and said “ here, here, prithee JACK, D—— “ your Eyes! take it, what o’ Plague “ signifies counting it ? you can “ give *me* a handfull again, you “ know, when *your* Ship is paid off.” Our *Family* was not at all pleas’d at this, thinking that he was guilty of much Folly and Extravagance in throwing away his Money thus profusely, when he might have placed it out, at least, at ten per Cent Interest ; but BOB had no Notion of *this* Sort of *Oeconomy*, which he very *piously* used to call *Usury*, and in Defence of himself, had always ready at Hand a shrewd Sett of old Sayings, such as, “ What signifies doing Things by “ *Holmes?*”—and “ making *two* bites

220 LETTER XVIII.

of a *Cherry*?" and "that a Penny
 " *well* laid out is a Pound gotten,"
 &c;—As BOB was going Home one
 Day thro' the *Park*, from the *Office*,
 with this Suit of Cloaths on, he was
 unluckily observ'd by two *Sailors* that
 were passing by him," Z—ds *Jack*!
 " eries one to the other, there goes
 " A SMUGGLER! don't you see how
 " his Pockets stick out? D——n it,
 " you, let's *board* him, we shall
 " certainly fall in with a *Spanish*
 " *Galeon* from the *Manillas*; a rare
 " Prize for us to carry down to
 " *Wapping* to make merry with our
 " *Landlady* and *Mess-Mates*!" The
 Fellows talk'd so loud, that BOB
 could not help overhearing them, as
 they were not a great Way behind.
 This put him into a most confounded
 Sweat,

LETTER XVIII. 221

Sweat, for fear not only of *losing* his Money, but the *Disgrace* of the Thing; but most luckily for him again! He was happily met by almost half a Dozen of *our Family*, so that the two honest JACK TARS were obliged to turn Tail, and so *sheer off*. Believe me, Coz, that BOB was no small Honour to *our Family*, and we have Reason enough to *boast* of him to this Day, and shall have, as long as we live. It is very well known, that by *his sage* and *prudent* Maxims we are still, not only able to keep our Heads above Water, but also to make a *most respectable* Figure in the Eyes of all EUROPE; and it has been whisper'd by some, and perhaps with great Truth, that

222 LETTER XVIII.

that sly Fellow WILL, who has already taken up so great a Part of my Letters, stole a great many of his Receipts out of a *Pocket-Book* of BOB's that was sold one Day at an *Auction* under the Title of "ARCANNA IMPERII," or "TRICKS for *Statesmen*."—There was one Thing in particular for which BOB took care to make himself eminent, if not in *public* Life, at least in *private*, which is, his fine GREAT HOUSE which he built down in the Country, in Order to keep up his Name. Some People say, Coz, that it took up the best Part of *twenty* Years in building, and cost *such* a Sum of Money, as would amaze and astonish *us*, who live in such *frugal* and *saving* Times!

How

LETTER XVIII. 223

How he defrayed the Expence of its Building, Furniture and every Thing fuitable to its Grandeur, is best known to those who were concern'd. But it is certain, that at that Time of Day, the People talk'd strangely about it. He spared neither Pains or Expence in employing People to buy up for him all the most costly and curious *Statues* and *Paintings* of which they could get possess'd; and his Name was so well known ABROAD, especially in the *Council-Rooms* of *Versailles*, *Madrid*, and in the *Conclave* of all the *Purple-Cloak'd* and *Red-Hatted* old Women at *Rome*, that the *Triple-Crown'd* OLD WOMAN of all, POPE JOAN, happening one Day to see a most curious *Painting* at CI-

VITA

224 LETTER XVIII.

VITA VECCHIA, their great Sea-Port, going to be put on board a Ship, ask'd how it came there, and for whom it was design'd? "Her
 " HOLY *Ladyship* was told, that it
 " was for THE GREAT MAN OF
 " ENGLAND," "Oho! says she, is
 " it so? then I have nothing more to
 " say," and away she stump'd.—
 BOB, it seems, was as famous *below*
 in the *Cellars* of his House, as he
 was for his Statues and Paintings
above Stairs; for he used to brew such
humming Stuff, as by far exceeded all
your October, Coz, and *your Fa-*
thers and *Grandfathers* before you.
 It was so confoundedly heady, that
 every one who drank but a *Pint* or
 little more, began to look as wise and as
 cunning

LETTER XVIII. 225

cunning as an *Ape*; and swore that it did not want for Plenty of *Rosin* in it;—It is said, PETER, that THE HOGAN-MOGAN, or *High and Mighty States of Holland*, purchas'd the *Receipt* for making it, of BOB's *Steward* or *Butler* at a very considerable *Præmium*; but they think their Money well laid out, as it is well known what Advantage they get, both of their *Friends* and *Enemies*, in POLITICS, by Virtue of their having a *four-Quart Tankard* of this *Ambrosial Nectar* on the Table constantly fill'd when they sit down in *Council*: Oh! Coz, how it would make you laugh to see THE MYNHEERS strut about their *Council-Room*, pulling up their large *Trowsers* of *Breeches* with a
Tankard

Tankard of this *British Wine* (as they call it) by them, and boasting that they are a Match for *all EUROPE* at *POLITICS*, especially their *bitterest Enemies*, the *ENGLISH* laughing at the same Time to think how they “beat them,” at any *Congress*, “at their own Weapons;” but they are pretty well acquainted with the good-natur’d Temper and Genius of *our FAMILY*, who scorn to take Advantage even of their *Enemies*; which *happy* Disposition they wholly impute to the soft and *Milky* Effects of their *MALT Wine* in general. Some ill-natur’d and slanderous People say, that our Cousin *BOB* dy’d *poor*, notwithstanding all his Grandeur. But what is it, *PETER* that *Malice* and

Envy

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Envy won't say, you know? The *best* of Men are daily liable to this, and HE amongst the rest. But if he *did* die *poor*, I am sure *our* FAMILY, who knew him much better than they could possibly pretend to do, impute it wholly to his Acts of *Generosity* and *Charity*, and *Love* of his COUNTRY. He dy'd gloriously, as it seems his *Succeſſor* WILL is doing, "A MARTYR to his COUNTRY," and therefore *our* FAMILY to shew their *Gratitude* as well as *Learning*, wisely put up, over his *Monument*, the following noble MOTTO,

" Dulce et decorum est PRO PATRIA mori!"

Which *they* again, to shew their *Envy* and *Malice*, as well as horrible Ignorance

228 LETTER XVIII.

Ignorance of *Latin*, very *learnedly*
translated thus;

“ It is good for his COUNTRY that he
is DEAD !”

Oh! PETER! Good BOY! don't for-
get your Bible and our excellent
Litany, “ From *Envy*, *Hatred* and
“ *Malice!*” &c; &c; &c;

And am,

your Loving COUSIN,

JOBSON.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Hope you will not think I have trespass'd too much on your Patience, since I have endeavour'd both to entertain and edify you as well as I could, about our *wise, numerous,* and *ancient* FAMILY of the COBLERS. I have already observ'd, you know, in former Letters, that the COBLERS and WRONGHEADS are so nearly ally'd, that they are always taken for *one* and the *same* People; and as I promis'd in my *first* Letter to

X

give

230 LETTER XIX.

give you an Account of the *great* HERO of our *Family*, SIR FRANCIS, I will just beg your Patience, before I conclude, to do Justice to his *ever-honoured* Memory. It is well known, that he has been publicly expos'd upon the STAGE, as well as in PRINT, to the Laughter and Contempt of vast Numbers of People not *half* so *wise* and *honest* as himself; and I can hardly forgive our *ungrateful* *Cousins*, SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, and COLLEY CIBBER, for such an unnatural Abuse of their *best* Friends and *nearest* Relations.—But, however, as they have done *Honour* to our *Family* by being the *only* Men of their Time for ARCHITECTURE and *Writing* BIRTH-DAY ODES, I do
most

LETTER XIX 231

most sincerely forgive them. I shall only endeavour to vindicate the *illustrious* Character which *they* have so wantonly abused, and shew, that too many of those, (who pretend to make HIM and our *wise* FAMILY the *Butt* of their Mirth and Laughter) have acted the very *same* Part, and SOME of them a much more ridiculous one than HE. You must know, COUSIN PETER, that the plain Fact, in short, was this.—As our *Uncle* SIR FRANCIS, was a very good-natur'd, honest Gentleman, of a chearful disposition, and sociable Temper, so he affected above all things (as MRS. MOTHERLY tells us in the *Play*) “to be *po-*
“ *PULOUS* in his *Country* ;” and as he took particular Care to have his *Cellars* well stored, no Wonder that

BUMPER-HALL was the constant Resort of all the honest merry Fellows in the Neighbourhood, especially of his own *Kindred*, who while they were *guzzling* and *guttling*, had yet the good Sense and good Manners to applaud his *superior* Understanding, laugh at his *Jokes*, and *bore low* to his HONOUR. And as People of his *most amazing* Genius are generally above the low, mercantile Taste for Figures and Calculations and the *unpopular* Arts of *Frugality* and *Oeconomy*, it is no Wonder that he hurt his *Fortune*, and (according to his own confession) “*run his Estate a little AWT at Elbows* :” so that in Order to mend his Affairs, he got himself ELECTED (OR RETURN’D which is the same Thing) to a SEAT in *Parliament*,

LETTER XIX. 233

ment, in hopes to retrieve his Estate by some PLACE or PENSION, for which he was as *well* qualified as SOME others. who have played the *same* GAME and with *much* better Success.—MY LADY, (and a good Woman, believe me, PETER, she was) was in a different Way of thinking; *Sots* and *Drunkards* were her Aversion, having always observed that they were a *muddy, thick-scul'd* Generation, without Taste or Appetite for any earthly Thing besides. But happening to meet the accomplish'd COUNT BASSET at *York* Races, she was struck with Admiration at the Sight of a Person so different from that Breed of *Animals* with whom she had been used to converse; his graceful

X 3 Person,

234 L E T T E R XIX.

Person, easy Manner, familiar Address, flowing Eloquence, and polite Expression, inspired her with more than common Esteem for the COUNT, who said more fine Things to her in *one Evening*, than her dear SIR FRANCIS had said in *seven Years* before, or was most likely to say in *seven Years* after. No wonder then, that she had a longing Desire to see *the Place* where such *fine Gentlemen* were bred, and where she had Hopes at the same Time, of repairing the *Fortune*, as well as mending the *Manners* of the FAMILY. Our *frisky* Cousin, MISS JENNY, who inherited her *Mother's* Taste, and was daily improving upon *her* Plan, Example, and Instruction, was over-joy'd

joy'd to think of changing her Situation, and removing from the low-bred Conversation of *Country-Squires*, who could relish nothing but the Beauties and Excellencies of a favourite *Horse* or *Dog*, while they were so stupidly insensible of her *superior* and *shining* Charms. On the other Hand again;—our *wise* and *hopeful* Cousin SQUIRE RICHARD, the joyful HEIR APPARENT to the *Wisdom* and *Honours* of the FAMILY, came very gladly into the SCHEME purely *for Fun*, in hopes of seeing *the Lions in the Tower*, *the Monument*, *St. Paul's*, *Westminster-Abbey*, and all the *fine Places*, whom he had so often heard the COUNT toast with such Raptures! Now, pray PETER, what was there in all this Conduct either
criminal

236 LETTER XIX.

criminal or ridiculous?—HE had as much Zeal, I am sure, and as much Merit, as MANY others, who, with not *half* his Wisdom, have made a great Noise and Flash in the World; and if HE could have been so happy as to do the same, who could blame him? But if neither the *Distresses* of his Family, clamorous *Debts*, the desire of his *dear Spouse*, nor the better Education of his two *wise* and *hopeful* Children could be thought a sufficient Justification of his Conduct; what can be said for *those* who with Fortunes entirely easy, and more than sufficient to answer all the rational Purposes of Life, have quitted their *paternal Seats* and *Estates*, where they might live with *Ease* and *Dignity*, to *dangle* whole Years together
after

L E T T E R XIX. 237

after a COURT, doing the *Drudgery*, and licking the *Spittle* of *Men of Power*, in hopes of procuring * * * they knew not what, and * * * they knew not when. — Now, if such a Conduct as *this*, must be ridicul'd by two *impertinent, self-conceited Play-Writers*, as the distinguish'd *Folly* of *our Family*, it would plainly appear, (and they would find it to their utter Confusion, were they now alive) that WE are a much more *numerous* BODY than they imagin'd, and if *we* should *all* agree to desert the HOUSES, every Time their Nonsense is acted; good buy'e *Little Davy* and *Master Georgy and Co!* and instead of "THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND, or *the Journey to London*," it would be "THE PROVOK'D

238 LETTER XIX.

“ PROVOK'D MANAGERS, or “ a
 “ *Journey into the Country.*”—I could
 assure them they would have but
 very poor, thin *Houses* and scarce
 take enough to pay for *Candles.*—
We are, as I have already and often
 observ'd, not only a *numerous Family*,
 but also, *well ally'd*, and *well-sup-*
ported, and particularly remarkable
 for our *strong Attachment* to each other;
 and whoever was fool-hardy enough
 to provoke us, was seldom known
 to get much by the Bargain. Who-
 ever attempted to be arch and witty
 upon *our Family*, might as well have
 thrust his Head into an Hornet's
 Nest. He was sure to have us all
 about his Ears, and to be worry'd
 out of his *Fame* and *Patience*, if not
 out

LETTER XIX. 239

out of his *Life*. The cry which *we* were sure to raise against him, was as loud and extensive as our *united* Interest could make it ; and *our* Opposition to all his Schemes for Promotion and Advancement in the World was seldom known to be unsuccessful. Wherever *We* had any Degree of *Interest* or *Power*, especially in *Church* or *State*, we are sure to improve it, by admitting none but *Friends* and *Relations*. Let a Man's *Merit* be ever so great, his *Character* ever so shining, in all other Respects, his *Services*, *Labours*, *Zeal*, and *Hardships* ever so extraordinary ; yet if he can not produce proper *Credentials* from some of *our Family* that he belongs to it, we are determin'd never
to

240 LETTER XIX.

to admit him, lest he should take it into his Head to interrupt the Peace and Harmony of Society, and create Schisms and Dissentions among us, under a specious Pretence of *regulating Disorders* and *reforming Abuses*; by which means, (I think, COUSIN, between you and I and the Post) we shall effectually exclude all *Interlopers* and *Innovators* of every sort or kind; And however *low* our *Interest* may seem to be *at present*, yet *some* we have, and perhaps more than can easily be imagin'd, which by Unanimity and Patience, we hope to improve daily. Time was, PETER, when *We* had *all* the Power to *ourselves*, if we could but have kept it: but our being dispossest'd of it, is suppos'd

LETTER XIX. 241

pos'd to have been owing to our *Honesty* in opposing all *POLITICAL Corruption* whatsoever, without considering, at the same Time, the Variety of *Advantages* attending it ; but you know, Coz,

“emo Mortalium omnibus Horis
sapit !”——

That is,

“In our Affairs 'tis no one's Hap,”

“To have always on his Conj'ring
CAP !”——

But, however, what *has* been, *may* be again, and as low as we seem to be, we *may* have it in our Power again to turn the Tables and laugh upon *them*, who, at present, are so very forward to raise it upon *us* ! we

Y

shall

242 L E T T E R XIX.

shall *then* take effectual Care to restrain
their Insolence, by stopping the Mouths;
and Pens of all *Opposers*; and this
alone will give us ample Satisfaction
for all the Indignities and Insults
we have so *cruelly* suffered,—

And am, Coz,

your's &c ;

JOBSON.

L E T-

LETTER XX.

DEAR COUSIN.

I Assure you it is with no small Pleasure and Satisfaction, that I have been able so far to comply with your Request, as to have almost brought now to an End the History of *our ancient, wise, and honourable Family* of THE COBLERS or WRONGHEADS, in this my *twentieth and last* LETTER.—I don't know that I have omitted communicating to you any one material Circumstance relating to the HEADS of it, especially our *Great-Hero*, SIR FRANCIS!—But before I conclude this *last* LETTER, I should think my-

Y 2

self

self utterly inexcusable was I to neglect sending you *one* NANNY-GOAT more, with which I was favoured sometime ago (among several other curious Particulars before mentioned in some of my first LETTERS) by a most worthy and ingenious Friend in * *Yorkshire*, who has interested himself very much in picking up any *valuable* Remains of our FAMILY, and to whom I here take this *public* Opportunity of acknowledging myself most particularly obliged. There's a Relation of *ours*, a very honest Fellow, one JOHN BULL; JOHN had receiv'd such a Tincture of Heroism from his *Mother* who was a *Welsh-Heiress*, that like *Hercules*, he discover'd an inclination for *kicking* and *cussing*, even

* The Rev. DR. HILDROP late Rector of *Wath*, in that *County*.—

the Cradle. When he was at School, *Cock-Fighting* and *Bull-Baiting* were his chief Delight; there was not a *Wake* or *Revel* all round the Country, where there was any Hope of getting a *laced* Hat or a broken Head, but he was sure to be at it. If any of his School-Fellows had a Quarrel upon their Hands, he always put in to be a *Second*, or rather than fail, to be a *Principal*: so that for *seven* Years together he scarce ever slept in a whole Skin, or ever made his Appearance without a *Black-Eye* or a *Plaisier* or two upon his Face, and yet in all other Respects, *John* was as honest, generous, good-natur'd a Fellow as ever broke Bread. What contributed a good deal to this *Military* Turn, was the Accounts which

had heard and read, and the Monuments he had seen of the *Heroes* of his *Family*. There were, it seems, no less than three or four Dozen of *laced Hats* hung round the Hall, which had been won at different Times at *Back-Sword*, *Wrestling*, or *Boxing* by some of his Ancestors; and he could not bear the Thoughts of disgracing his *Family*, especially his *Welch* Relations, in being less brave and intrepid than they. I can't omit one odd, but merry Adventure, in particular, that befell JOHN in the Beginning of his *Knight-Errantry*, which had almost spoil'd him for an HERO ever after.—He had been out one Evening a little *Pot-valiant*, and greatly wanted an Opportunity of shewing his *Courage*, and exerting a
 little

of it on somebody or other. But as it was late, and the few People he met about the Streets, seem'd much more inclined for *Bed* than going to *Logger-heads*; he had almost miss'd of his Design;—at last, happening to espy out a Butcher's *Mastiff-Dog* lying asleep at his Master's Door, he kneels down, and taking one his Ears between his Teeth, he gave him such a confounded Gripe, as thoroughly awak'd the *Dog*, who return'd the civility, in *his* way, so heartily, that Poor JOHN was obliged to cry out, and alarm the whole Neighbourhood, who quickly ran to his Assistance. The forlorn and dismal Figure he made, cover'd with Blood and Dirt, and the unfavoury *Scent* that proceeded from a certain

Part

248 L E T T E R X X.

part of him, produced as much *Laughter* in some, as *Pity* others; but the *sweet-scented Hero*, whose *Courage* by this *Time* was pretty well cool'd, begins a pitiful, snivelling *Story* of the *Dog's* falling upon *him*, as he was passing quietly the *Streets*, and how unjustifiable a *Thing* it was for such a *Dog* to be suffered to run loose about the *Streets* in the *Night*. “*The same Thing* (quoth *JOHN*) *might have happen'd to any of YOU as well as to ME.*”—To which they all agreed, and the *Dog* was immediately truss'd up for a *Breach* of the *Peace*, whilst poor *JOHN* sneak'd Home to get *Plaisters* and *clean Linnen*.—But to return towards the latter *End* of my last *LETTER*, where I was speaking of our *Right-headedness* in
opposing

opposing *Political Corruption*; tho' to be sure it must be confessed, that numberless Advantages Daily attend it! and amongst the many, there is *one* Advantage of *political Corruption*, which deserves a most particular Consideration, "viz;" "That the *Prosperity* and *Increase* of the *BODY POLITIC* depends upon it!"—it is a well-known Maxim of Philosophy, "*that the Corruption of one NATURAL Body is the Generation of another,*" but in the *POLITICAL* World, the *Corruption* of *ONE* is often the *Generation* of *THOUSANDS*: for how many *new Laws*, *new Powers*, *new Magistrates*, *new Officers*, *new***** are produced by every *NEW Corruption*!—now as all *Officers* and *Magistrates*, all *People of Authority*,
 Rank,

250 LETTER XX.

Rank, and Power in the POLITICAL Body, are of infinitely more Consequence to the *Public* than the common *Herd*, or *Beasts* of the People; so it may, on an Average, be computed, that every Officer, Commissioner, or Magistrate, (especially if he rides in his *Coach* and has a *Seat* in *Parliament*) is much more in Weight and Value than a thousand *sturdy Beggars*, or *Rabble* of Mankind! and if any of *these*, should, for their *special* Services in SECRET in *after-Times* (for I hope I have more good-Manners than to mean the PRESENT *Generation*) be called up to the *House* of L***, they would be, in the same hundred-fold Proportion, *greater, wiser, and better*, than they were *before*, or could any other Ways possibly,

fibly have been.—To *this* therefore it is entirely owing, that so MANY have been *formerly*, and will be *hereafter*, shining in *Courts*, commanding in *Armies*, and haranguing (or at least VOTING) in *Senates*, who, in a *plain*, *honest*, and UNCORRUPT *Generation* had lived and dyed in Obscurity, useless Members of the Commonwealth, neither regarded whilst *living*, nor lamented nor remembered when *Dead*.

And now, PETER! (pardon a little Vanity, as it is purely for the *Honour* of *our* FAMILY) I think I may with great Truth and Justice conclude my LETTERS to you in the Words of any HORACE or OVID in *England*:

“ Exegi

252 LETTER XX.

“ Exegi MONUMENTUM *Ære* perrennius.”—or

“ Jamque OPUS exegi, quod *Edax* abolere *vetustas*

“ Non poterit.”—

That is, Coz!

“ I have now finished A WORK, to
“ shew that the HEADS of *our*
“ FAMILY are *harder* than *Brass*:”
and “ that, even in Spite of *all*-
“ *devouring Time* itself, they shall
“ continue so to the End of the
“ World!”— And am,

DEAR PETER!

your ever-loving Cousin,

till Death

JOBSON.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.